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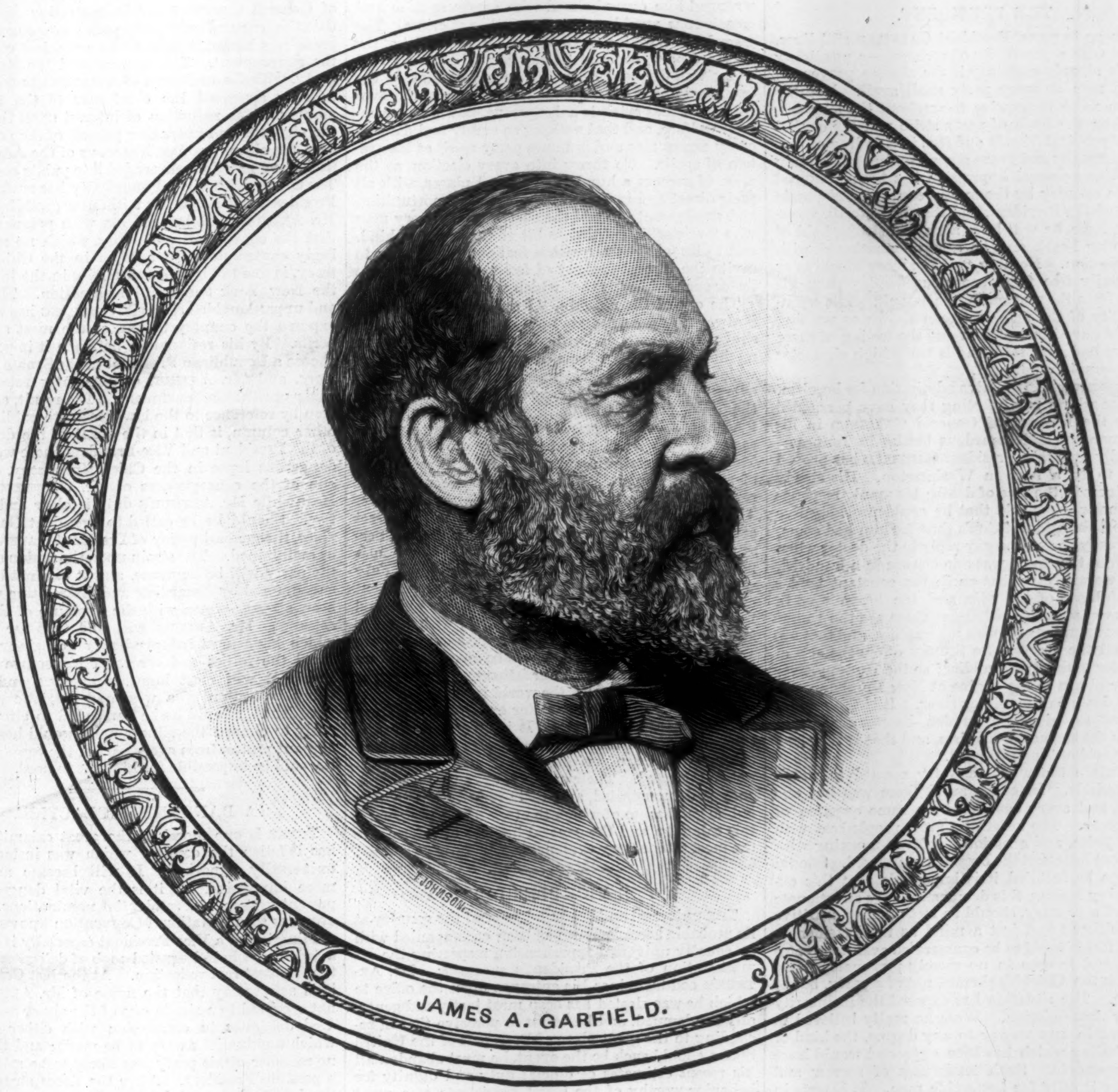


JAMES A. GARFIELD.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1881.

OUR SPECIAL EDITION.

A Special Edition of HARPER'S WEEKLY *was issued Friday, July 8, containing a full account of the attempted assassination of* PRESIDENT GARFIELD, *with a portrait of the assassin, engraved from a photograph taken in the prison expressly for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and spirited illustrations by our own artist.*

The Special Edition is sold at ten cents per copy. It will be sent gratuitously to the regular subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY *with this issue of the paper.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 89 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued July 12, contains a full description, with working plans, of a boy's row-boat, or flat-bottomed skiff, such as any bright boy with the requisite materials and a few tools may build for himself. It also contains a beautifully illustrated article on girls' cooking clubs; a full-page reproduction of* MILLAIS'S *painting of "Queen Elizabeth at the Age of Sixteen"; and a great variety of other interesting and instructive matter.*

THE PRESIDENT.

AS we go to press, President **Garfield** still lives, and with a possibility of recovery—a possibility which is already certainty if the sincere prayers of all good men of every party shall avail. Nothing has been more impressive throughout the long suspense than the hush of party strife and the cordial union of political friends and foes in a feeling of profound sympathy and grave apprehension. It is plain that a deep personal impression has been produced upon the country by the manly courage and simple bearing of the President, and that henceforth, whatever the issue, he will have always a strong hold of the popular heart, and be always mentioned with warm affection. Nothing could be more touching or more totally free from conscious display than his conduct from the moment of the assault. The essential quality of the man has been shown as nothing else could have illustrated it, and the feeling of those who have had most faith in his truly high character has been amply vindicated.

There is always instinctive admiration for heroism, and those whom party feeling may have persuaded to deny the heroism of General **Garfield** in his forced marches and hazardous battles in Tennessee will gladly own that President **Garfield** has proved himself to be a hero in Washington. His steady cheerfulness in the face of death; his manly response to the doctor when told that he could probably live but a short time, that if God's time for him had come, he was ready to go; the gay reply to the doctor when he told him that there was one chance in a hundred, "Well, we will take that one"; the constant tender thoughtfulness of his wife, and the brave way in which he cheered his children—these are the things that **Plutarch** puts into his biographies, and that are told of all the heroes. So **Sidney** offers the cup of cold water to the dying soldier; so the Hudson River engineer clings to his engine at New Hamburg, and sinks to death in the winter river. It is the playful or earnest superiority to sudden disaster and death which is the essence of heroism, and that is the story of the President's mortal peril.

Meanwhile the whole country seemed to watch at his bedside. In every mind there was but one thought, and every eye asked the same question of every comer. The heart of a great people beat with a single pulse, and a nation awoke at morning with the fervent hope that the President still lived. Should that hope be fulfilled, it is impossible that this extraordinary feeling, this demonstratively affectionate regard of a country, should be lost upon so sensitive and intelligent and just a mind as the President's. He will feel himself to be consecrated even to greater fidelity, and to own in no merely perfunctory way that he is the Chief Magistrate, not of a party, but of a people. The situation has exposed the insincerity of party denunciation. Were he really believed to be stained in any way or to any degree, the kind of public feeling which has been expressed would have been impossible. Such tenderness of sorrow and sympathy is only for honorable men. It invests in this instance also the President's wife. Her late serious and threatening illness, and her bereavement by the railway accident in Ohio, immediately succeeded by this terrible blow, encountered by her with a serenity of soul worthy of her husband's, have commended her also very closely to public affection. In sending her message of womanly sympathy to Mrs. **Garfield**, the Queen of England expressed only what every private American heart feels in silence. Until the President is fully recovered, if he is to live, there will be the same prayer from every patriotic heart. If he is to die, the memory of these last days will be a benediction to the people.

THE CAUSE OF THE CRIME.

IT is a very significant fact that in almost every journal of character and ability in this country, in European journals, in all private conversation, and evidently in the public mind, the ferocity and insanity of party spirit bred by the spoils system of official patronage is declared to be the moving cause of the attempted assassination of the President. It is a lottery in the frenzy of which an ill-balanced man easily loses his wits, or sophisticates himself into committing murder. Every political tramp or rascal in the country may assume that he has "worked" for the election of the President, that except for his speeches and suggestions and labors the party would have been defeated, and that, since the spoils belong to the victors, he has earned his reward. This fancy would easily become frenzy. Men of certain temperaments would brood over what seemed to them their neglect and wrong, and the thirst for notoriety, which is one symptom of this kind of hallucination, would soon end in the homicidal purpose and the murderous act.

This disposition of course would be increased by such a furious factional fight in the party as has been raging in New York. The feeling between the two Republican wings has been much more bitter than between the two parties. Each side has claimed to be especially the party, and to represent "regularity," and a light-witted man who, with the feeling that he had been wronged, heard those whom he held to have wronged him overwhelmed with curses as false and treacherous, would arrive very readily at crime. The tragedy in Washington happening in the midst of the extraordinary scenes at Albany, should certainly lead every well-disposed American to reflect that, as the traditional peril of a republic is party spirit, whatever infuriates that spirit is a dangerous blow at the common welfare, and that nothing so surely and dangerously aggravates and inflames party spirit as the system of spoils. To throw into every election, as the prize of success, a hundred thousand places, with all their direct and indirect dependencies, opportunities, and emoluments, to add the doctrine that every man who "works" is entitled to his reward in this kind, and to intensify it all with a factional quarrel, is to invite the utmost ferocity of feeling, and directly to foster such crimes as that which we now deplore.

The cry of the assassin, "I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts, and **Arthur** is now President," may have shown madness, but it was certainly madness with method. If he be insane, it reveals the influences which have disturbed his brain—influences for which every man is responsible who feeds and fans to fury the fire of party. The deliberate stimulation of this tendency is a crime against liberty. It is sitting upon the safety-valve while the fire deepens to white heat. The ability to restrain and modify it is the real power of self-government. If we can not accomplish its restraint in this country, the republic is impracticable. Abolition of the spoils system, which is the direct cause of this national calamity, is now the most essential and important public duty. The question is not whether a man shall be made a small clerk only upon proof of his fitness, but whether the government of the United States shall be intrusted to able and honorable and experienced statesmen, with time to attend to their duties. If this is a question which we are unable to answer as it should be answered, we are unequal to the task which our fathers set for us. The crime which has startled the world is not the proof of a decline in American character or of fatal weakness in American institutions. It is only a sharp and terrible reminder that there are abuses of those institutions which are perfectly plain, and which must not be tolerated. Their origin is obvious, their tendency is demonstrated, and their remedy lies in that public good sense of which the tone of the press upon this calamity, and the general interest in reform, are the most satisfactory evidences.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE universal and profound grief of the country at its probable bereavement has been accompanied with an equally universal apprehension respecting the administration of the President's successor. Mr. **Arthur**'s conduct since his entrance upon the office to which he was elected has been most justly and generally condemned, and he ought to perceive that in ascending to the great place of President of the United States, should such be the event, he must abandon all his recent estimates of official duty and dignity for behavior worthy of the Chief Magistrate of a great people. Undoubtedly an amiable man, not fitted for public affairs, and with a taste for small politics and intrigue, we can easily believe him to be appalled by the prospect of a position and duties to which he doubtless feels himself to be unequal. There can be no doubt that his desire would be to administer the government for the best interests of the country, but the school in which he has been trained is so mean and belittling that he would be at very great disadvantage. When **Andrew Johnson** succeeded President **Lincoln**, it was feared that his political education and associations would be too strong for him, although it was hoped that his election by the Union party, and the exigencies of the situation, might persuade him to adopt a wise, patriotic, and harmonious course. The total disappointment of that hope, and the disgraces of his administration, are now familiar facts of history.

The results to be apprehended from a change in the Presidency at this time are of a very different kind. Of the three Vice-Presidents who have succeeded to the higher place, Messrs. **Tyler** and **Johnson** broke with the party that elected them, and went to the opposition, and Mr. **Fillmore** did much the same thing. But in his case it was a dissolution of his party which followed his accession. In the present instance the result would be probably a party schism. Mr. **Conkling**, who would have to supply experience and counsel to the Administration, would become its controlling power, and Mr. **Conkling** is perfectly well known. But Mr. **Conkling** represents a policy and methods which, however agreeable to some Republicans, are not acceptable to the country. Should the change in the Presidency occur, we shall treat the new Administration with perfect candor. But nothing is gained by evading or trying to conceal plain and recognized facts, and it is always serviceable to an officer to know precisely what feeling in the public mind attends his entrance upon his duties.

It is still true, and always true, that he who serves his country most serves his party best. Mr. **Arthur** has been content hitherto to be a good-natured and unquestioning henchman. But the brief experience of General **Garfield**'s Administration has shown that the true and only party policy now lies in an aggressively honest, frugal, and economical conduct of the government. The country and the Republican party, with the exception of a few malcontents, have heartily approved the chief acts of the last four months. The reduction of interest upon the bonds, the vigorous and unsparing pursuit of the postal robbers, the clean, business-like ways of the Administration, have greatly commended it to public confidence. The Senate with virtual unanimity has sustained the President, and if it is left without a presiding officer, Mr. **Arthur** doubtless reflects with poignant regret that the consequent possibility, which no man willingly contemplates, of a lapse in the Chief Magistracy, is due to his own complicity in the intrigue of the New York Senatorial resignation. The angry and unpardonable act of Mr. **Conkling** has wantonly exposed the country to one of the most serious of perils. By his resignation he made it impossible to choose a Republican President of the Senate *pro tempore*, and Mr. **Arthur** consequently retained the chair until the adjournment. The result, as will be seen by reference to the law which we publish in another column, is that in the event of the death both of the President and Vice-President there would be a dangerous lapse in the Chief Magistracy. This is one of the consequences of Mr. **Conkling**'s folly. Meanwhile Mr. **Arthur**'s duty is clear and imperative. Should he be called to President **Garfield**'s place, the general policy of President **Garfield** must be maintained. The strain upon the nation and upon the party will be immense, and it can not be wisely encountered by discarding and discrediting what has been already begun with the applause of the whole country. Mr. **Arthur** will find that the journals which have most independently and sincerely censured the follies and errors of his course as Vice-President will most honestly approve and sustain every indication of a wise and patriotic policy as President. Should he be persuaded to attempt seriously to change the situation, he would hear an indignant protest from every part of the country which it would be impossible for him not to heed.

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

THERE is one moral of the great calamity which has befallen the country which was instantly and universally remarked. It will become more and more impressive, for it is the vital danger of our present system of Presidential nominations. Whoever has seen a National Convention knows that the nomination of a Vice-President especially is made by a jaded and half-disgusted mob of delegates without the slightest real reflection. At the last Convention it is safe to say that the name of Mr. **Arthur** had not occurred to a single one of the six or seven hundred delegates in connection with either office to which nominations were to be made; and there was no member of his party less likely to be selected for a possible President. After the fierce struggle and the defeat of the third-term scheme, it was felt that New York was the battle-ground, that Mr. **Conkling** controlled the regular party organization, that he would not hesitate to connive at the defeat of the party, and that something must be done to bribe him to the support of the ticket. Plainly stated, this was the situation, and for such reasons the candidate for the Vice-Presidency was selected.

Tragical experience has taught us that in nominating a Vice-President we are designating a possible or even probable President, and when the catastrophe occurs which makes the subordinate the chief, the party which has taken the responsibility will be held to strict account. Sixteen years ago, when President

Lincoln fell, the succession of Andrew Johnson filled the country with serious and disturbing apprehension. It can not be denied, also, that there was universal consternation when the shot of the assassin at President Garfield made the Presidency of Mr. Arthur probable. That, however, is but to say that the legitimate result of the action of the Chicago Convention appalled the country. It is true that if the opposing nominations made at Cincinnati had been ratified by the people, and Mr. English were today President, there would have been the same general and profound dissatisfaction.

It is the way in which nominations are made by both parties which is at fault, and if dire experience can not teach us, if we insist upon selecting our Chief Magistrate by the merest whim of luck or passion, and without the least regard for qualification, or experience, or political character, the prayer of the late Fourth of July, never uttered with more intense and painful anxiety than upon that day, will become the petition of every patriotic American—"God save the Republic!" The duty of sensible men is not to be content with expressing disgust, but to send men to caucuses and conventions who will have the pluck to vote against a nomination for the Vice-Presidency which they would not support for the Presidency.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

The law regarding the succession to the Presidency is contained in the third title of the Revised Statutes of the United States. The sections are as follows:

"Sec. 146. In case of removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the President and Vice-President of the United States, the President of the Senate, or if there is none, then the Speaker of the House of Representatives, for the time being, shall act as President until the disability is removed or a President elected.

"Sec. 147. Whenever the offices of President and Vice-President both become vacant, the Secretary of State shall forthwith cause a notification thereof to be made to the Executive of every State, and shall also cause the same to be published in at least one of the newspapers printed in each State.

"Sec. 148. The notification shall specify that electors of a President and Vice-President of the United States shall be appointed or chosen in the several States as follows:

"*First.* If there shall be the space of two months yet to ensue between the date of such notification and the first Wednesday in December then next ensuing, such notification shall specify that the electors shall be appointed or chosen within thirty-four days preceding such first Wednesday in December.

"*Second.* If there shall not be the space of two months between the date of such notification and such first Wednesday in December, and if the term for which the President and Vice-President last in office were elected will not expire on the third day of March next ensuing, the notification shall specify that the electors shall be appointed or chosen within thirty-four days preceding the first Wednesday in December in the year next ensuing. But if there shall not be the space of two months between the date of such notification and the first Wednesday in December then next ensuing, and if the term for which the President and Vice-President last in office were elected will expire on the third day of March next ensuing, the notification shall not specify that electors are to be appointed or chosen.

"Sec. 149. Electors appointed or chosen upon the notification prescribed by the preceding section shall meet and give their votes upon the first Wednesday of December specified in the notification."

VIRGINIA READJUSTERS.

A Virginia correspondent sends us the following clear account of the Readjusters' movement from the Democratic point of view. He asserts that no State has honester elections than Virginia, and that whenever dishonest voting or fraudulent manipulation of votes has been charged, it has been chiefly in Mahone's district. Our correspondent must remember, however, that fair play for the colored citizen is the paramount question in every Southern State, and that Republican support will be naturally given to that wing of the Democratic party which, with whatever loose financial views, insists upon that fair play. The Democratic party is a national party, and it is opposed in every State because of the indisputable fraud and violence by which it has sought to control certain States, and so to obtain control of the national government. Republicans oppose repudiation, but they oppose quite as strenuously the tissue ballot and laws intended to deprive colored citizens of their votes. When the country sees the Democratic party in Virginia as anxious to secure fair play for colored citizens as for State creditors, it will listen more patiently to its denunciation of repudiation. Rights can be repudiated by a party as well as debts.

"The proposition to readjust the debt by assuming two-thirds of it for Virginia, and leaving the other third to West Virginia, was formally embodied in legislation, and effectuated by the issue of Virginia bonds for the two-thirds, ten years ago, and has never been disturbed or challenged by any party in Virginia since. It is understood on all sides, has been formally accepted by the creditors in many ways, and was made a special legislative condition of the last funding act (approved March 28, 1879), known as the McCullough bill. Every department of our government has given its sanction to this arrangement; every party accepts it. There is not, and has not been since 1871, a suggestion in any quarter to 'readjust' that proportioning of the debt. Nay, more, until the Readjuster party was formed there was never any controversy as to what constituted Virginia's two-thirds. Year by year that sum was officially stated by the Auditor of Public Accounts; tax bills and other laws were passed on the admitted quantum of the obligation; and under our laws with each publication of the acts of Assembly the debt chargeable to Virginia was stated, and always in the same terms, the fluctuations from year to year being referable to annual increase by unpaid interest, or annual decrease by the operations of the Sinking Fund, etc. These 'acts' are before me, and I quote them for the past five years:

1875–76—	Interest-bearing debt.......	$29,514,426 38
1876–77—	" " "	29,489,326 38
1877–78—	" " "	29,350,826 38
1878–79—	" " "	29,367,958 06
1879–80—	" " "	29,667,304 76

Adding the unfunded debt, and deducting the bonds held by the State herself, the principal of the debt, as agreed on all hands until some time after the Readjuster party was formed, was about $33,000,000.

"In the first Convention of that party, held in this city, General Mahone, amid universal approbation, announced the principal to be $32,977,090 02. The Richmond *Whig*, his personal organ, and the only exponent of his party, in its issue of September 6, 1879, in the midst of the first canvass the Readjusters made, declared itself as acknowledging the 'entire indebtedness,' and defined this language to mean 'precisely what the same words do in the Conservative platform of 1877,' about which there can be no doubt, the Conservative party having always held that all the above principal was due, as it now does. The only contention of the Readjusters two years ago was as to *readjusting* the rate of interest, and as to certain details of the system of funding. During the campaign of that fall, however, certain individuals of that party, emboldened by the favor with which the proposal to cut down interest, whether the creditors agreed or not, was received, threw off all disguises, and avowed themselves in favor of *readjusting the principal.* Thus one of their speakers, James L. Powell, Esq., of Spottsylvania, avowed in a public discussion that 'we Readjusters mean to repudiate every particle of the debt except what we choose to give them [the creditors] for the sake of peace.' And when taunted with the dishonorableness of this position, they answered, as did the present candidate for the Attorney-Generalship of the State on the Readjuster ticket, 'Honor will not buy a breakfast.'

"Since that fall of 1879 there has been a race among the Readjuster leaders who could propose the largest repudiation. In a caucus of that party held in this city during the last session of the Assembly, the proposition of the Republican candidate for Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate was adopted, and in the recent State Convention of that party it was formally avowed as a plank of their platform. The second section of that document opens as follows:

"'2. We reassert our purpose to settle and adjust our State obligations on the basis of the bill to reestablish public credit known as the "Riddleberger bill."'

"Now if you will turn to the *Congressional Record* of March 26, 1881, page 7, you will find the 'Riddleberger bill,' and in that bill you will find the official and authorized definition of the position of the Virginia Readjusters on the public debt, and you may learn there and thus the 'proposition' 'from which it takes its name.' The sentence which announces what Virginia Readjusters are going to do with a debt admitted by their leader and their organ less than two years since to be $33,000,000 is as follows:

"'The equitable adjustment of the public debt of the State, as determined by the application of the facts and principles aforesaid, fixes the aggregate thereof at $19,665,196.'

"It is this repudiation of *thirteen millions* of Virginia's debt which the Democratic party of Virginia is fighting."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Simultaneously with the pointless story of the discovery of Morgan's bones, the Rev. Dr. Wharton, in the Princeton *Review*, passes judgment upon Antimasonry. He is speaking of John Quincy Adams, and he says:

"He went to the House, the nominee, against both Whigs and Democrats, of the Antimasons—a party whose pretext was a fabricated assassination; whose policy was personal proscription; which had no political principles, its sole bond of union being the ostracism of men belonging to an ancient charitable association which had always embraced in its ranks some of the chief patriots and statesmen of the land; which was to be concerned in some of the most corrupt compromises with foes, and some of the basest betrayals of allies history has ever recorded. In its falsifications and corruption Mr. Adams had no part; of its betrayals he was one of the victims."

The article contains the best estimate of the last of the line of Revolutionary Presidents that we recall:

"To the end he was unchanged. He remained incapable of underhand intrigue; truthful in expression, yet grossly prejudiced in perception; without following a party, but sometimes compelling all parties to follow him; intolerant, yet not proscriptive; frozen in his intercourse with others, yet pouring himself out on his diary in streams of fire; vapid and pointless when out of political action, when in political action master of an inexhaustible arsenal of facts likely to bear on any probable issue, and of astounding capacity in availing himself of these facts at any given moment."

AN INTERESTING APPEAL.

The Rev. J. B. Harrison, who is one of the most careful and sympathetic students of social questions, has recently made a journey through the Southern States, and before publishing his observations, which are sure to be valuable, he calls attention to the lamentable want of reading matter among the people.

Many of the ladies "of the best old families" are eager to do something for their poorer neighbors of both races, but they object to the publication of their names. Mr. Harrison says, therefore, that any one in this part of the country who knows those in the Southern States who would distribute good reading matter ought to send it—anything, indeed, not pernicious or worthless. Mr. Harrison (whose address is Franklin Falls, New Hampshire) is in correspondence with ladies in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas who are establishing reading clubs and neighborhood libraries.

The people who would be so grateful for this kind of assistance will help themselves after a little time. But even in a New England village, as Mr. Harrison says, it is not always easy to start a library.

THE AMHERST GYMNASIUM.

No college in the country has fostered more carefully the interests of physical education and hygiene than Amherst College, and Professor Hitchcock's report of the history of this department for the last twenty years is one of the most interesting of the college documents of the summer. His suggestions have the value of devoted thought and experience and knowledge, and the results of his drill are the incontestable evidence of its value. Professor Hitchcock's object is not to make boating men or boxing men, nor phenomenally muscular men, but through sound physical conditions to secure the highest mental and moral efficiency. Of this it is not muscular power only which is the surest guarantee, but a careful regard for the laws of health.

When a college boy faints at a boat-race in the burning midsummer sun, it is obvious that however "high" his training, the real object of such training, in the large and generous sense, has not been accomplished. The old judge told the horse-thief that he was to be hung, not because he had stolen a horse, but that horses might not be stolen. So a young man should observe the laws of health, not that he may win a race, but that he may best command all his powers. The laws of health do not enjoin tremendous exertion under a withering sun.

The Amherst method is that of active, vigorous, and lively muscular exercise at stated periods. This exercise is obtained, not by lifting enormous weights, nor by rigid military drill, but by varied recreative and pleasant movements, accomplished by the use of light wooden dumb-bells to music. This secures the necessary muscular waste and development, while those who desire the heavy gymnastic work are at liberty to indulge in it. The statistical tables and statements in Professor Hitchcock's report show interesting and important results—such as decrease of illness from the Freshman to the Senior year, the fact that no serious or permanent injury has ever resulted from the exercises, and that only 2.27 per cent. of the students failed from sickness. Another fact gathered from his figures is that for the last fourteen years the percentage of the increase of the use of tobacco among all the college classes has been from 19.64 in the Freshman year to 39.00 in the Senior year. The whole report is very interesting to parents and guardians as well as to the "young gentlemen" themselves.

PERSONAL.

When Stephen Girard died, fifty years ago, he little thought of the magnitude to which his bequest for the foundation of a college for orphans would grow. The college commenced with three hundred orphan pupils. It now contains one thousand, and accommodation for still more is in course of construction. Its finances have been managed with the greatest fidelity and judgment, and its gross revenue for 1880 was $886,753. The real estate he left to the college, especially the coal mines, has increased in value beyond all expectation. History furnishes no example of a college whose success has been so great. It was opened for the reception of pupils in 1848. The buildings thus far have cost about $2,000,000, the main one, in the form of a Corinthian temple, being 169 feet long, 111 feet wide, 97 feet high, and said to be the finest specimen of Greek architecture of modern times.

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* has announced in its columns during the past six months the deaths of 449 people whose age was over eighty. Of these, 171 were men, and 278 were women. This gives the usual proof of the observation that more women than men live to be eighty. Of the 449, sixty-six lived to be over ninety, and six over one hundred. The oldest, Daffy Barton, a colored woman, attained to the great age of one hundred and fifteen.

—President Eliot, at the recent Commencement at Harvard, said that the university had not received so much money in any year for the last dozen years as in this year. It would foot up $500,000. In consequence, however, of the reduced rate of interest, owing to the deplorably prosperous state of the country, the income of the university had been reduced to a little over $200,000.

—Miss Griswold, who has made so successful an operatic *début* in Paris, was born in Chicago. Before the great fire there her parents were wealthy, but having by that disaster lost nearly everything, they yielded to her entreaties to cultivate her voice to earn a livelihood. Mrs. Griswold accompanied her to Paris, where, after three years of assiduous study in the Conservatoire, she has won a complete professional triumph.

—Speaking of the resignation of Professor Park, after forty-five years' service as the dogmatic head of Andover Theological Seminary, the New York *Times* says he has lived to see the theological opinions which he taught substantially superseded by a newer and less Calvinistic system of religious thought. "He is probably the last of the old-school theologians—the men who dig theological systems out of the Scriptures—that we shall ever have in this country; but if the last, he suffers nothing by comparison with the greatest. He retires from his post with the respect of all teachers in his own religious body, and honored for his worth and merits by Christian people of all denominations."

—Speaking of Mr. Jefferson Davis's book, *The State*, published at Richmond, Virginia, says that "after a comparative and careful study of the work, it comes short of what we might and should have expected. Its chief value is in its certified quotations. Its recital of military events is often partial, and not seldom incorrect; its tone is narrow and personal; its style is very bad; its manner offensive; and its worth found chiefly in the fact that a part of it makes a compendium of a history in which Mr. Davis had no share......We must regret that after a lifetime spent in public affairs he should be unable to arrange properly his plea or his indictment, and equally unable either to preserve in his story the sequence of time, or to present his arguments, his facts, or his conclusions in good English."

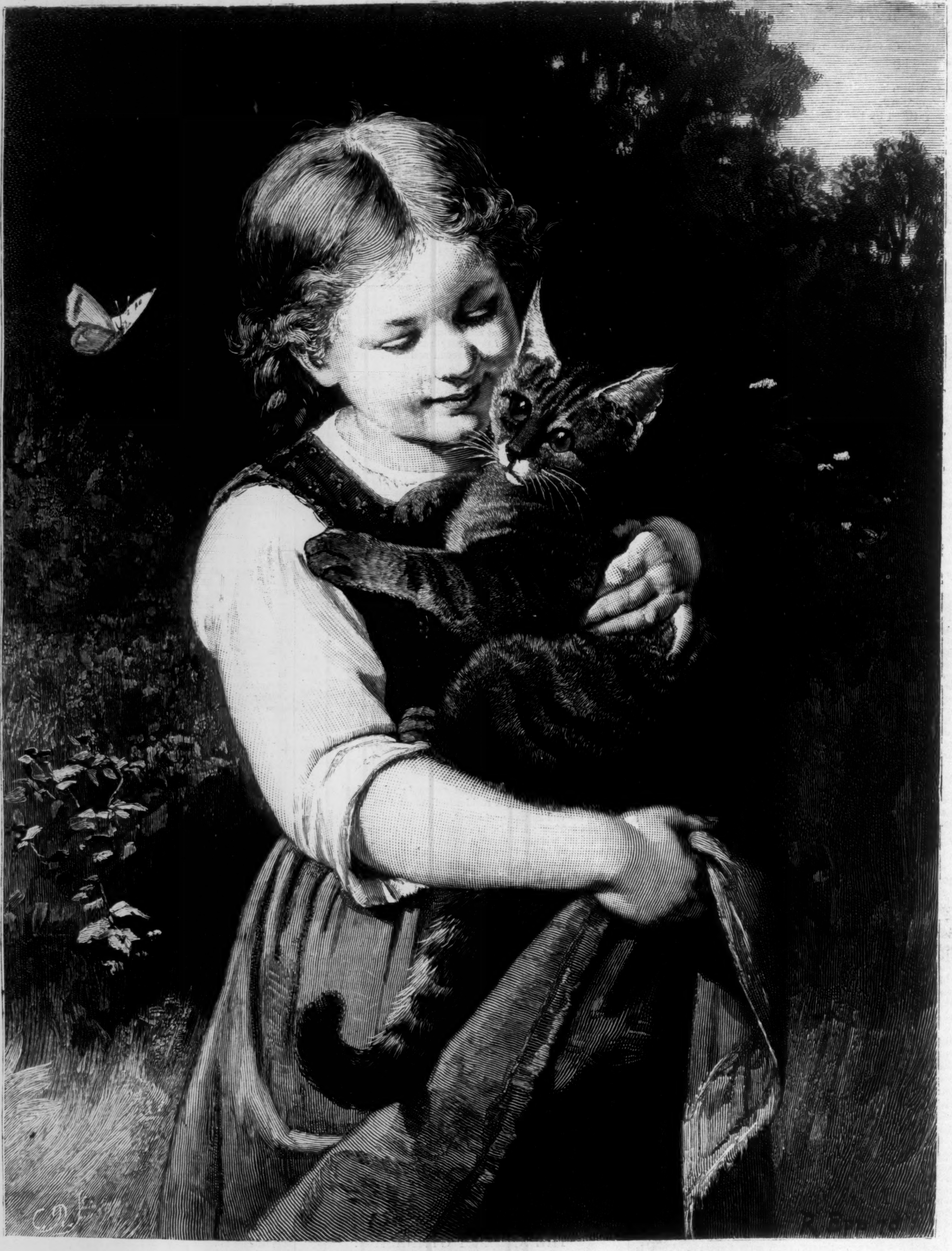
—Mr. Malcolm McCall, in the *Contemporary Review*, is sure that Lord Beaconsfield's devotion to his wife derives additional merit from the fact that it was lavished on a wife much older than himself, not strikingly attractive, and not wedded chiefly for love. Few men occupying such a position as Lord Beaconsfield's would have bestowed upon such a wife during their long years of married life all the attention and gallantry of a youthful lover. It was probably not her fortune alone that induced Lord Beaconsfield to marry a widow so much his senior.

—Miss Neilson, the actress, bequeathed the residue of her estate to Admiral Glyn, who has devoted it to founding a fund for decayed actors and actresses. The trustees of the fund are Mr. Irving, Mr. Toole, and Mr. Clement Scott. The Admiral has, in addition, given large donations to the General Theatrical Fund and three of the London hospitals.

—An elderly Bostonian recently divided $1,000,000, the half of his fortune, between his two children. There is an octogenarian in New York, a widower, and a very lively old widower too, whose income is about $300,000 per annum. At the end of each year he deducts what he has expended for himself, and hands over the balance to his nephews and nieces, which is a pleasant way of administering on one's own estate.

—Four paintings by Landseer, Stanfield, and Millais were recently purchased at a sale in London for $100,000, by a "Mr. Thomas," who is understood to be Mr. Holloway, the patent-medicine man. He is regarded as one of the pill-ars of art in that metropolis.

—The recent investigation before a committee of the Legislature at Albany as to the attempted bribery of a member by the payment of $2000 recalls an instance of a similar sort, though the bribe was five times larger in amount, when Sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister, meeting a member of the opposition in the Court of Requests, took him aside, and offered him a bank-bill of £2000 ($10,000), which he put in his hands for his vote. The member replied: "Sir Robert, you have lately served some of my particular friends; and when my wife was last at court, the King was very gracious to her, which must have happened at your instance. I should therefore think myself very ungrateful" (*putting the bank-note into his pocket*) "if I were to refuse the favor you are now pleased to ask me."



"PUSSY AND I."—FROM A PAINTING BY RUDOLPH EPP.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1277.]

The Beautiful Wretch: A Brighton Story.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

A WHITE WORLD.

"PERHAPS you would like to read the letter yourself, miss?" she suggested.

Nan took it, and had little difficulty in deciphering its contents, though the language was occasionally a trifle hyperbolical. It contained nothing less than an offer of marriage addressed to Sal by a sailor in one of her Majesty's iron-clads, who said that he was tired of the sea, and that if Sal would give up her wandering life so would he, and he would retire into the coast-guard. He pointed out the sacrifices he was ready to make for her; for it appeared that he was a petty officer. No matter; he was willing to become simple A. B. again; for he had his "feelin's"; and if so be as she would become his wife, then they would have a good weather-proof cottage, a bit of garden, and three and fourpence a day. It was a most business-like, sensible offer.

"And I'm sure I could do something for him," Nan eagerly said. "I think I could get him promotion. The Senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty is a friend of mine. And wouldn't it be better for you?"

"No, miss," said Sal, with an odd kind of smile. "I was glad to get the letter, for it shows I'm respected. But I'm not going to be caged yet. I never saw or heard of the man I would marry—except it might have been Robbie Burns, if he was still alive. Sometimes when I've been reading a bit, coming along the downs all by myself like, I've seen somebody in the distance; and I've said to myself, 'Well, now, if that was only to turn out to be that black-a-vised Ayrshire ploughman, it would be all over with me; it would be, "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad."' And then some shambling fellow of a laborer has come along, straw-haired, bent-backed, twisted-kneed, and scarcely enough spirit in him to say, 'Marnin t' ye—good-marnin t' ye, wench!'"

"You are very independent," said the sage Nan. "And that's all very well as long as your health lasts. But you might become ill. You would want relatives and friends, and a home. And in the coast-guard houses you would have a very comfortable home, and a garden to look after; and your husband might get promotion."

"If ever I marry," said Sal, shaking her head, "it won't be one of the man-o'-war's men. They've just as little spirit or independence as the day-laborers. They've had it all crushed out of them by the hard usage of the officers."

"Oh, how can you say so!" said Nan, warmly. "The officers are English gentlemen. In former days there may have been cruelty, but I am certain that exists no longer. I know several officers: kinder-hearted men don't exist. Why, there is a captain in the navy—"

She stopped in great embarrassment. But Singing Sal, not heeding, said, laconically:

"It ain't the captain, miss. He's too great a gentleman to interfere. It's the first lieutenant who can make the ship a hell upon earth if he has a mind to. Ah, miss, it's little you know of the discipline that goes on on board a man-o'-war. There's no human being could stand it who wasn't brought up to it. The merchantmen can't stand it and won't stand it; that's where the officers find a difficulty when the Reserves are called out. You wouldn't find a man-o'-war's man marching up to the First Lord of the Admiralty with a lump of salt beef in his hand and asking him if it was fit to eat. And this lord, miss, being a civilian like, he never thought of having the man clapped in irons. 'Throw it overboard,' says he. 'I will see that no more o' that kind of stuff is issued to her Majesty's fleet.' That was the story I heard, miss: the men were laughing about it at Beachy Head. And then, in the merchantmen Jack has a better chance, if he is a smart fellow—"

And so forth. They had once more got on to the subject of sailors and officers, regarded from their different points of view; and it was not until they had reached Brighton that the sight of Lewes Crescent reminded Nan that she had now to part from her companion and go in search of mutton-bones for the thrushes and blackbirds.

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CHAPTER XIX.

BREAKING DOWN.

Not only was she successful in this work of charity, but she must needs also institute a similar system of out-door relief at her own end of the town; so that it was nearly dusk when she re-entered the house in Brunswick Terrace. She did not think of asking if there were any visitors; she went up stairs, perceived that the drawing-room door was an inch or two open, and was just about to enter, when she heard voices. Inadvertently she paused.

It was Mr. Jacomb's voice. Then her mother said,

"I married happily myself, and I have never tried to influence my daughters."

Nan shrank back like a guilty thing. She had only listened to discover whether it was some one she knew who had called; but these few words of her mother's made her heart jump. She stole away noiselessly to her own room. She sat down, anxious and agitated, fearing she scarcely knew what.

She was not left long in suspense. Her mother came into the room and shut the door.

"I thought I heard you come in, Nan," she said, "and it's lucky you have, for Mr. Jacomb is here."

"But I don't want to see Mr. Jacomb, mamma," she said, breathlessly.

"He wants to see you," her mother said, quietly, "and I suppose you know what it is about."

"I—I suppose so—yes, I can guess. Oh, mother dear!" cried Nan, going and clinging to her mother, "do me this great kindness! I can't see him. I don't want to see him. Mother, you will go and speak to him for me?"

"Well, that is extraordinary," said Lady Beresford, who, however, had far too great a respect for her nerves to become excited over this matter or anything else. "That's a strange request. I have just told him I would not interfere. Of course I don't consider it a good match; you might do a great deal better, from a worldly point of view. But you have always been peculiar, Nan. If you think it would be for your happiness to become a poor clergyman's wife, I will not oppose it. At the same time, I have always thought you might do better."

"Oh, mother, don't you understand?" Nan broke in. "It's to ask him to go away! I'm so sorry. If he had spoken before, I would have told him before."

"You mean you refuse him, and I am to take the message?" said her mother, staring at her. "That is all?"

The girl was silent.

"I must say, Nan, you have been acting very strangely. You have led us all to believe that you were going to marry him. Why did you let the man come about the house?"

"Don't speak like that to me, mother," said Nan, with her under lip beginning to quiver. "I—I tried to think of it. I knew he wanted me to be his wife; I thought it might be right; I thought I could do something that way; and—and I tried to persuade myself. But I can't marry him, mother—I can't—I don't wish to marry any one—I never will marry."

"Don't talk nonsense, child!" said her mother, severely, for there was a sort of tendency toward excitement in the atmosphere. "Let me understand clearly. I suppose you know your own mind? I am to go and tell this man definitely that you won't marry him?"

"Mother, don't put it in that harsh way. Tell him I am very sorry. Tell him I tried hard to think of it. Tell him I am sorry he has waited so long, but if he had asked sooner—"

"He would have had the same answer?"

The girl's face flushed red, and she said, in a strange sort of way:

"Yes—perhaps so; I think it must have been the same answer at any time—oh, I never, never could have brought myself to marry him! Mother, does it look cruel—does it look as if I had treated him badly?" she added, in the same anxious way.

"No, I would not say that," answered her mother, calmly. "A man must take his chance; and until he speaks he can't have an answer. I do not think Mr. Jacomb has any reason to complain, except, perhaps, that you don't go yourself and hear what he has to say."

"Oh, mother, I couldn't do that. It would only be pain for both of us. And then I don't refuse him, you see, mother; that's something."

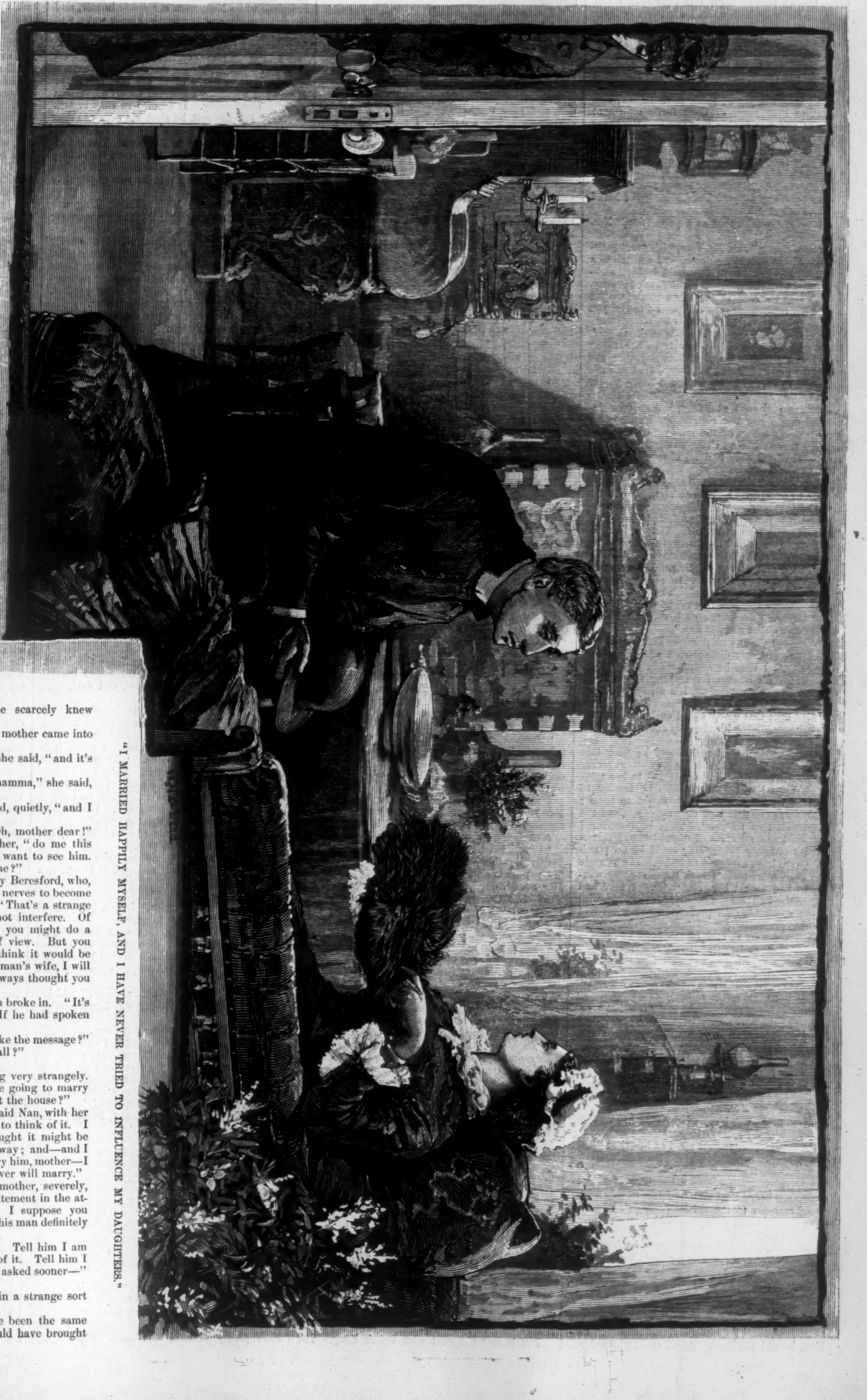
Lady Beresford was uncertain. The truth was, she was not at all sorry to be the bearer of this message—even at the cost of a little trouble—for she did think that her daughter ought to marry into a better position in life. But she had just been listening to what Mr. Jacomb had to say for himself; and he had said a good deal, not only about himself, but about Nan, and her disposition, and what would best secure her happiness, and so forth. Lady Beresford had been just a little bit impressed; and the question was whether Nan ought not to be invited to a fair consideration of the matter as represented by Mr. Jacomb himself.

"Well, Nan," she said, "if your mind is quite clear about it—"

"Oh, it is, mother," she answered, eagerly, "quite—quite."

That was an end. Her mother left the room slowly; Nan listened for her footsteps until she heard her go into the drawing-room and close the door. Her first thought was to lock herself in, so that there should be no appeal. Her next was that it was excessively mean and cruel of her to experience this wonderful sense of relief, now that the die was irrevocably cast.

"If there was anything I could do for him," she was thinking—"anything—anything but that;" and then she listened again to the stillness until she heard a bell ring, and the drawing-room door open again, and some one descend the stairs into the hall. She felt guilty and sorry at the same time. She wished she could do something by way of compensation. He would not think it was mere heartlessness? For indeed she had tried. And would she not have done him a far greater wrong if she had married



"I MARRIED HAPPILY MYSELF, AND I HAVE NEVER TRIED TO INFLUENCE MY DAUGHTERS."

him without being able to give him her whole heart?

Nan went to the window; but it was too dark for her to see anything. She took it for granted he had gone away. She was glad, and ashamed of herself for being glad. She reproved herself. And then she had a vague sort of feeling that she would wear sackcloth and ashes—or try to be ten times kinder to everybody—or do something, anything, no matter what—to atone for this very unmistakable sense of gladness that seemed to pervade her whole being. She couldn't help it, because it was there; but she would do something by way of compensation. And the first thing she could think of was to go and brush the billiard table with such thoroughness that Mr. Tom, when he came home, should say he had never seen it in such good condition before.

That was a roaring party that somewhat later came in—all flushed faces and high spirits and delight; for they had walked all the way from Falmer over the downs, under the guidance of the Canadian experience of Frank King; and they had had wonderful adventures with the snow-drifts; and the night was beautiful—a crescent moon in the south, and high up in the southeast the gleaming belt of Orion. And Nan greatly entered into the joy of these adventurers; and wished to hear more of their futile efforts at skating; and was asking this one and the other about everything—until she found Mr. Tom's eyes fixed on her.

"Nan," said he, with scrutiny and decision, "you've been in the country to-day, walking."

She admitted she had.

"And you had for your luncheon a bit of bread and an apple."

"I generally take that as a precaution," Nan said, simply.

"I thought so," said Mr. Tom, with great satisfaction at his own shrewdness. "I can tell in a minute. For you always come back looking highly pleased with yourself, and inclined to be cheeky. I don't like the look of you when you're too set up. Your tongue gets too sharp. I'd advise you people to look out."

Nan's conscience smote her. Was she so glad, then, that even outsiders saw it in her face? She became graver; and she vowed that she would be most reticent at dinner. Had she not promised to herself to try to be ten times kinder to everybody?

And she very soon, at dinner, had an opportunity of displaying her generosity. They were busy making havoc of the manner of a distinguished person who was much talked of at that time, and whom they had all chanced to meet. Now Nan ordinarily was very intolerant of affectation; but had she not promised to be ten times kinder to everybody? So she struck in in defense of this lady.

"But it is her nature to be affected," said Nan. "She is quite true to herself. That is her disposition. It wouldn't be natural for her to try not to be affected. She was born with that disposition. Look at the idiotic grimaces that infants make when they try to show they are pleased; and Mrs. —— wouldn't be herself at all if she wasn't affected. She might as well try to leave off her affectations as her clothes. She couldn't go about without any."

"She goes about with precious little," said Mr. Tom, who strongly disapproved of scanty ball dresses. And then he added, "But that's Nan all over; she's always for making the best of everything and everybody. It's always the best possible world with her."

"And isn't that wise," said Frank King, with a laugh, "considering it's the only one we've got to live in at present?"

Nan was very bright and cheerful during this dinner; and Captain Frank King was most markedly attentive to her and interested in her talking. When Nan began to speak he seemed to consider that the whole table ought to listen; and his was the first look that approved, and the first laugh that followed. Then he discovered that she knew all sorts of out-of-the-way things that an ordinary young lady could by no possibility have been expected to know. It was more than ever clear to him that these solitary wanderings had taught her something. Where had she acquired all this familiarity, for example, with details about his own profession—or what had been his profession?

They went on to talk of the jeers of cabmen at each other, and how sharp some of them were. Then again they began to talk about other common sayings, the very origin of which had been forgotten; and Frank King spoke of a taunt which was an infallible recipe for driving a bargee mad—"*Who choked the boy with duff?*"—though nobody, not the bargees themselves, now knew anything whatever about the tragic incident that must have happened sometime and somewhere.

"Yes," said Nan at once, "and there is another like that, that the collier boats can't stand. If you call out to a collier, '*There's a rat in your chains*,' he'd drive his schooner ashore to get after you."

"I suppose you have tried," said her mother, with calm dignity.

"I believe Nan spends most of her time," said the Beauty, "in making mud-pies with the boys in Shoreham Harbor."

"Never you mind, Nan," her brother said, to encourage her. "Next time we go to Newhaven you'll call out to the colliers, '*There's a rat in your chains*,' and I'll stop behind a wall and watch them beating you."

All during that dinner Nan was both amused and amusing, until a trifling little incident occurred. She and Frank King, on the other side of the table, had almost monopolized the conversation, although quite unwittingly; and everybody seemed to regard this as a matter of course. Now it happened that Madge, who sat next her betrothed, made some slight remark to him. Perhaps he did not hear. At all events, he did not answer, but addressed Nan instead, with reference to something she had just been saying about life-boats. Instantly a hurt expression came over Madge's face; and as instantly Nan saw it. From that moment she grew more reserved. She avoided addressing herself directly to Captain Frank King. She devoted herself chiefly to her mother; and when, at the end of dinner, they adjourned in a body to the billiard-room (with the happy indifference of youth), she followed Lady Beresford up to the drawing-room and would herself make tea for her.

That night Madge came into Nan's room.

"Do you know, Nan," she said, quite plainly, "that whenever you are in the room, Frank pays no attention to any one else?"

"I thought he was doing his best to amuse everybody at dinner," Nan said, though she did not raise her eyes. "He told some very good stories."

"Yes, to you," Madge insisted. Then she added: "You know I like it. I hope he will always be good friends with all the family; for you see, Nan, it will be lonely for me at Kingscourt for a while, and of course I should like to have somebody from Brighton always in the house. And I know he admires you very much. He's always talking about your character, and your disposition, and your temperament, as if he had been studying you like a doctor. I suppose I've got no character, or he would talk about that sometimes. I don't understand it—that talking about something inside you, as if it was something separate from yourself; and calling it all kinds of sentiments and virtues, as if it was clock-work you couldn't see. I don't see anything like that in you, Nan—except that you're very kind, you know—but not so different from other people as he seems to think."

"It doesn't much matter what he thinks, does it?" suggested Nan, gently.

"Oh no, of course not," Madge said, promptly. "He said I was a very good skater, considering the horrid condition of the ice. They have a large lake at Kingscourt." Then, after a pause, "Nan, where did you learn all that about the light-houses and the birds at night?"

"Oh, that? I really don't know. What about it?—it is of no consequence."

"But it interests people."

"It ought not to interest you, or Captain King either. You will have to think of very different things at Kingscourt."

"When you and Mr. Jacomb come to Kings—"

"Madge," said Nan, quickly, "you must not say anything like that. I do not mean to marry Mr. Jacomb, if that is what you mean."

"No! Honor bright?"

"I shall not marry Mr. Jacomb; and I am not likely to marry any one," she said, calmly. "There are other things one can give one's life to, I suppose. It would be strange if there were not."

Madge thought for a second or two.

"Oh, Nan," she said, cheerfully, "it would be so nice to have an old maid sister at Kingscourt! She could do such a lot of things, and be so nice and helpful, without the fuss and pretension of a married woman. It would be really delightful to have you at Kingscourt!"

"I hope, dear, you will be happy at Kingscourt," said Nan, in a somewhat lower voice.

"I shall never be quite happy until you come to stay there," said Madge, with decision.

"You will have plenty of occupation," said Nan, absently. "I have been thinking if a war broke out I should like to go as one of the nurses; and of course that wants training beforehand. There must be an institution of some kind, I suppose. Now, good-night, dear."

"Good-night, Mother Nan. But we are not going to let you go away into wars. You are coming to Kingscourt: I know Frank will insist on it. And it would be just the very place for you; you see you would be in nobody's way; and you always were so fond of giving help. Oh, Nan!" her sister suddenly said, "what is the matter? You are crying! What is it, Nan?"

Nan rose quickly.

"Crying? No—no—never mind, Madge—I am tired, rather—there—good-night."

She got her sister out of the room only in time. Her overstrained calmness had at length given way. She threw herself on the bed and burst into a passion of weeping; and thus she lay far into the night, stifling her sobs so that no one should hear.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SHADOW.

THE process of disenchantment is one of the saddest and one of the commonest things in life, whether the cause of it be the golden youth who, apparently a very Bayard before marriage, after marriage gradually reveals himself to be hopelessly selfish, or develops a craving for brandy, or becomes merely brutal and ill-tempered; or whether it is the creature of all angelic gifts and graces who, after her marriage, destroys the romance of domestic life by her slatternly ways, or sinks into the condition of a confirmed sigher, or in time discovers to her husband that he has married a woman comprising in herself, to use the American phrase, nine distinct sorts of a born fool. These discoveries are common in life; but they generally follow marriage, which gives ample opportunities for study. Before marriage man and maid meet but at intervals, and then both are alike on their best behavior. The slattern is no slattern now; she is always dainty and nice and neat; the golden youth is generous to a fault, and noble in all his ways; and if either or both should be somewhat foolish, or even downright stupid, the lack of wisdom is concealed by a tender smile or a soft touch of the hand. It is the dream-time of life; and it is not usual for one to awake until it is over.

But it was different with Frank King. The conditions in which he was placed were altogether peculiar. He had made two gigantic mistakes—the first, in imagining that any two human beings could be alike; the second, in imagining that, even if they were alike, he could transfer his affection from the one to the other—and he was now engaged in a hopeless and terrible struggle to convince himself that these were not mistakes. He would not see that Madge Beresford was very different from Nan. He was determined to find in her all he had hoped to find. He argued with himself that she was just like Nan, as Nan had been at her age. Madge was so kind, and good, and nice: of course it would all come right in the end.

At the same time he never wished to be alone with Madge, as is the habit of lovers. Nor if he was suddenly interested in anything did he naturally turn to her and call her attention. On the other hand, the little social circle did not seem complete when Nan, with her grave humor, and her quiet smile, and her gentle, kindly ways, was absent. When she came into the room then satisfaction and rest were in the very air. If there was a brighter gleam on the sea, where a gleam of wintry sunshine struck the roughened waters, whose eyes but Nan's could see that properly? It was she whom he addressed on all occasions; perhaps unwittingly. It seemed so easy to talk to Nan. For the rest, he shut his eyes to other considerations. From the strange fascination and delight that house in Brunswick Terrace always had for him, he knew he must be in love with somebody there; and who could that be but Madge Beresford, seeing that he was engaged to her?

Unhappily for poor Madge, Frank King was now called home by the old people at Kingscourt; and for a time, at least, all correspondence between him and his betrothed would obviously have to be by letter. Madge was in great straits. A look, a smile, a touch of the fingers may make up for lack of ideas; but letter-writing peremptorily demands them, of some kind or another. As usual, Madge came to her elder sister.

"Oh, Nan, I do so hate letter-writing! I promised to write every morning. I don't know what in the world to say. It is such a nuisance!"

Nan was silent; of late she had tried to withdraw as much as possible from these confidences of her sister's, but not very successfully. Madge clung to her. Lady Beresford would not be bothered. Edith was busy with her own affairs. But Nan—old Mother Nan—who had nothing to think of but other people, might as well begin and play the old maid at once, and give counsel in these distressing affairs.

"I wish you would tell me what to say," continued Madge, quite coolly.

"I? Oh, I can not," said Nan, almost shuddering, and turning away.

"But you know what interests him, for he's always talking to you," persisted Madge, good-naturedly. "Anybody but me would be jealous; but I'm not. The day before yesterday Mrs. —— went by; and I asked him to look at her hair, that every one is raving about, and he plainly told me that your hair was the prettiest he had ever seen. Now I don't call that polite. He might have said 'except yours,' if only for the look of the thing. But I don't mind—not a bit. I'm very glad he likes you, Nan."

"Madge! Madge!"

It was almost a cry, wrung from the heart. But in an instant she had controlled herself again. She turned to her sister, and said, with great apparent calmness:

"Surely, dear, you ought to know what to write. These are things that can not be advised about. Letters of that kind are secret."

"Oh, I don't care about that. I think it is stupid," said Madge, at once. "There is no use having any pretense about it. And I don't know in the world what to write about. Look—I have begun about the Kenyons' invitation, and asked him whether he'd mind my going. I like those little dances better than the big balls."

She held out the letter she had begun, but Nan would not even look at it.

"It isn't usual, is it, Madge," she said, hurriedly, "for a girl who is engaged to go out to a dance by herself?"

"But we are all going!"

"You know what I mean. It is a compliment you should pay him not to go."

"Well," said Madge, somewhat defiantly, "I don't know about that. One does as one is done by. And I don't think he'd care if I went and danced the whole night through—even with Jack Hanbury."

"Oh, how can you say such a thing?" said her sister, staring at her; for this was a new development altogether.

But Madge was not to be put down.

"Oh, I am not such a fool! I can see well enough. There isn't much romance about the whole affair, and that's the short and the long of it. Of course it's a very good arrangement for both of us, I believe; and that's what they say nowadays—marriages are 'arranged.'"

"I don't know what you mean, Madge! You never spoke like that before."

"Perhaps I was afraid of frightening you; for you have high and mighty notions of things, dear Nan, for all your mouse-like ways. But don't I see very well that he is marrying to please his parents, and to settle down, and be the good boy of the family? That's the meaning of the whole thing."

"You don't mean to say, Madge," said the elder sister, though she hesitated, and seemed to have to force herself to ask the question—"you don't mean to say you think he does not—love you?"

At this Madge flushed up a little, and said:

"Oh, well, I suppose he does, in a kind of way, though he doesn't take much trouble about saying it. It isn't of much consequence; we shall have plenty of time afterward. Mind, if only Jack Hanbury could get invited by the Kenyons, and I were to dance two or three times with him, and Frank get to hear of it, I suppose there would be a noble rampage: *then* he might speak out a little more."

"Have you been dreaming, Madge?" said Nan, again staring at her sister. "What has put such monstrous things into your head? Mr. Hanbury—at the Kenyons'—and you would dance with him!"

"Well, why not?" said Madge, with a frown; for this difficulty about the letter-writing had clearly operated on her temper and made her impatient. "All the world isn't supposed to know about the Vice-Chancellor's warning. Why shouldn't he be invited by the Kenyons? And why should he know that I am going? And why, if we both happen to be there, shouldn't we dance together? Human beings are human beings, in spite of Vice-Chancellors. They can't lock up a man for dancing with you. At all events, they can't lock me up, even if Jack is there."

"Madge, put these things out of your head. You won't go to the Kenyons', for Captain King would not like it—"

"I don't think he'd take the trouble to object," Madge interjected.

"And Mr. Hanbury won't be there; and there will be no dancing, and no quarrel. If you wish to write to Captain King about what will interest him, write about what interests yourself. That he is sure to be interested in."

"Well, but that is exactly what I can't write to him about. I know what I am interested in well enough. Edith has just told me Mr. Roberts has been pressing her to fix a time for their marriage. She thinks the end of April, so that they could be back in London for the latter end of the season. Now I think that would do very well for us too; and it is always nice for two sisters to get married on the same day, only Frank has never asked me a word about it, and how am I to write to him about it? So you see, wise Mother Nan, I can't write to him about what interests me."

Nan had started somewhat when she heard this proposal; it seemed strange to her.

"April?" she said. "You've known Captain King a very short time, Madge. You were not thinking of getting married in April next?"

"Perhaps I'd better wait until I'm asked," said Madge, with a laugh, as she turned to go away. "Well, if you won't tell me what to write about, I must go and get this bothered letter done somehow. I do believe the best way will be to write about you; that will interest him, anyway."

Frank King remained away for a few weeks; and during this time the first symptoms appeared of the coming spring. The days began to lengthen; there were crocuses in the gardens; there were reports of primroses and sweet-violets in the woods about Horsham; in London, Parliament was sitting, and in Brighton well-known faces were recognizable among the promenaders on the Saturday afternoons. Then Mr. Roberts, as Edith's accepted suitor, received many invitations to the house in Brunswick Terrace; and in return was most indefatigable in arranging riding parties, driving parties, walking parties, with in each case a good hotel for luncheon as his objective point. Madge joined in these diversions with great good-will, and made them the excuse for the shortness of the letters addressed to Kingscourt. Nan went also; she was glad to get into the country on any pretense; and she seemed merry enough. When Mr. Roberts drove along the King's Road, with these three comely damsels under his escort, he was a proud man; and he may have comforted himself with the question that as beer sometimes led to a baronetcy, why shouldn't soda-water?

Strangely enough, Nan had entirely ceased making inquiries about sisterhoods and institutions for the training of nurses. She seemed quite reconciled to the situation of things as they were. She did not cease her long absences from the house; but every one knew that on these occasions she was off on one of her solitary wanderings, and she came home in the evening apparently more contented than ever. She had even brought herself to speak of Madge's married life, which at first she would not do.

"You see," she said to her sister on one occasion, "if you and Edith get married on the same day, I must remain and take care of mamma. She must not be left quite alone."

"Oh, as for that," said Madge, "Mrs. Arthurs does better than the whole of us; and I'm not going to have you made a prisoner of. I'm going to have a room at Kingscourt called 'Nan's room,' and it shall have no other name as long as I am there. Then we shall have a proper house in London by-and-by; and of course you'll come up for the season, and see all the gayeties. I think we ought to have one of the red houses just by Prince's; that would be handy for everything; and you might come up, Nan, and help me to buy things for it. And you shall have a room there too, you shall; and you may decorate it and furnish it just as you like. I know quite well what you would like—the room small, the wood-work all bluey-white, plenty of Venetian embroidery flung about, all the fire-place brass, some of those green Persian plates over the mantel-piece, about thirteen thousand Chinese fans arranged like fire-works on the walls, a fearful quantity of books, and a low easy-chair, red candles, and in the middle of the whole thing a nasty dirty little beggar girl to feed and pet."

"I think, Madge," her sister said, gravely, "that you should not set your heart on a town house at all. Remember, old Mr. King is giving his son Kingscourt at a great sacrifice. As I understand it, it will be a long time before the family estate is what it has been, and you would be very ungrateful if you were extravagant."

"Oh, I don't see that," said Madge. "They are conferring no favor on me. I don't see why

I should economize. I am marrying for fun, not for love."

She blurted out this inadvertently—to Nan's amazement and horror—but instantly retracted it, with the blood rushing to her temples.

"Of course I don't mean that, Nan; how could I have been so stupid! I don't mean *that—exactly*. What I mean is that it doesn't seem to me as if it was supposed to be a very fearfully romantic match, and all that kind of thing. It's a very good arrangement; but it isn't I who ought to be expected to make sacrifices."

"But surely your husband's interests will be yours!" exclaimed Nan.

"Oh yes, certainly," her sister said, somewhat indifferently. "No doubt that's true, in a way. Quite true, in a kind of way. Still, there are limits; and I should not like to be buried alive forever in the country."

Then she sighed.

"Poor Jack!" she said.

She went to the window.

"When I marry I know at least one who will be sorry. I can fancy him walking up and down there, looking at the house as he used to do, and, oh! so grateful if only you went to the window for a moment. He will see it in the papers, I suppose."

She turned to her sister, and said, triumphantly,

"Well, the Vice-Chancellor was done that time!"

"What time?"

"Valentine's morning. You can send flowers without any kind of writing to be traced. Do you think I don't know who sent me the flowers?"

"At all events, you should not be proud of it. You should be sorry. It is a very great pity."

"Yes, that's what I think," said Madge. "How can I help pitying him? It wouldn't be natural not to pity him, Vice-Chancellor or no Vice-Chancellor. I hate that man!"

"I say it is a great pity that Mr. Hanbury does not accept his dismissal as inevitable; and as for you, Madge, you ought not even to think of him. Captain King sent you that beautiful card-case on Valentine's morning; that is what you should remember."

"Captain King could send me a white elephant if he chose," said Madge, spitefully. "There's no danger to him in anything he does. It's different with poor Jack."

"Madge," said her sister, seriously, "do you know that you are talking as if you looked forward to this marriage with regret?"

"Oh no, I don't—I'm not such a fool," said Madge, plainly. "I know it's stupid to think about Jack Hanbury; but still, one has got a little feeling."

Then she laughed.

"I will tell you another secret, Nan. If he daren't write to me, he can send me things. He sent me a book—a novel—and I know he meant me to think the hero himself. For he was disappointed in love too, and wrote beautifully about his sufferings; and at last the poor fellow blew his brains out."

"Well, Mr. Hanbury couldn't do that, at all events—for reasons," Nan said.

"Now that is a very bad joke," said Madge, in a sudden outburst of temper, "an old, stupid, bad joke, that has been made a hundred times. I'm ashamed of you, Nan. They say you have a great sense of humor; that's when you say things they can't understand; and they pretend to have a great sense of humor too. But where's the humor in that?"

"But, Madge dear," said Nan, gently, "I didn't mean to say anything against Mr. Hanbury."

"In any case, there is one in this house who does not despise Mr. Hanbury for being poor," said Madge, hotly. "It isn't his fault that his papa and mamma haven't given him money and sent him out into the world to buy a wife!"

And therewith she quickly went to the door and opened it, and went out and shut it again with something very closely resembling a slam.

CHAPTER XXI.

DANGER AHEAD.

Nan waited the return of Frank King with the deepest anxiety. She would see nothing in these wild words of Madge's but an ebullition of temper. She could not bring herself to believe that her own sister—a girl with everything around her she could desire in the world—would deliberately enter upon one of those hateful marriages of convenience. It was true, Nan had to confess to herself, that Madge was not very impressionable. There was no great depth in her nature. Then she was a trifle vain, and liked admiration; and she was evidently pleased to have a handsome and certainly eligible suitor. But no, it was impossible that she had really meant what she said. When Captain King came back, then the true state of affairs would be seen. Madge was not going to marry for money or position—or even out of spite.

And when Frank King did come back, matters looked very well at first. Madge received him in a very nice, friendly fashion, and was pleased by certain messages from the old folks at Kingscourt. Nan's fears began to fade away. Nothing more was heard of Jack Hanbury. So far as Madge was concerned, everything seemed right.

But Nan, who was very anxious, and on that account unusually sensitive, seemed to detect something strange in Frank King's manner. He had nothing of the gay audacity of an accepted suitor. When he paid Madge any little attention it appeared almost an effort. He was preoccupied and thoughtful; sometimes, after regarding Madge in silence, he would apparently wake up to the consciousness that he ought to be more attentive to her; but there did not seem to be much joyousness in their relationship. When these two happened to be together—during the morning stroll down the Pier, or on the way home from church, or seated at a concert—they did not seem to have many things to speak about. Frank King grew more and more grave; and Nan saw it, and wondered, and quite failed to guess at the reason.

The fact was that he had now discovered what a terrible mistake he had made. He could blind himself no longer. Madge was not Nan, nor anything approaching to Nan; they were as different as day and night. Face to face with this discovery, he asked himself what he ought to do. Clearly, if he had made a mistake, it was his first duty that no one else should suffer by it. Because he was disappointed in not finding in Madge certain qualities and characteristics he had expected to find, he was not going to withdraw from an engagement he had voluntarily entered into. It was not Madge's fault. If the prospect of this marriage pleased her, he was bound to fulfill his promise. After all, Madge had her own qualities. Might they not wear as well through the rough work of the world, even if they had not for him the fascination he had hoped for? In any case the disappointment should be his, not hers. She should not suffer any slight. And then he would make another desperate resolve to be very affectionate and attentive to her; resolves which usually ended in his carrying to her some little present of flowers, or something like that, having presented which, he would turn and talk to Nan.

"I say, Beresford," he suddenly observed, one night at dinner, "I have an invitation to go salmon-fishing in Ireland. Will you come?"

"Well, but—" Madge interposed, with an injured air, as if she ought to have been consulted first.

"I should like it tremendously," said Mr. Tom, with a rush.

"I am told the scenery in the neighborhood is very fine," continued Captain King; "at all events, we are sure to think so half a dozen years hence. That is one of the grand points about one's memory: you forget all the trivial details and discomforts, and only remember the best."

He quite naturally turned to Nan.

"I am sure, Miss Nan," he said, "you have quite a series of beautiful little pictures in your mind about that Splügen excursion. Don't you remember the drive along the Via Mala, in the shut-up carriage—the darkness outside—and the swish of the rain?"

"Well," said Madge, somewhat spitefully, "considering you were in a closed carriage and driving through darkness, I don't see much of a beautiful picture to remember."

He did not seem to heed. It was Nan he was addressing; and there was a pleased light in her eyes. Reminiscences are to some people very delightful things.

"And you recollect the crowded saloon in the Splügen inn, and the snug little corner we got near the stove, and the little table? That's where you discovered the use of stupid people at dinner parties."

"What's that?" Mr. Tom demanded to know.

"It's a secret," Captain King answered, with a laugh. "And I think you were rather down-hearted next morning—until we began to get up through the clouds. That is a picture to remember, at all events—a Christmas picture in summer-time. Do you remember how green the pines looked above the snow? And how blue the sky was when the mist got driven over? And how business-like you looked in your Ulster—buttoned up to the chin for resolute Alpine work! I fancy I can hear now the very chirp of your boots on the wet snow—it was very silent away up there."

"I know," said Nan, somewhat shamefacedly, "that when I saw '*Ristoratore*' stuck up on the house near the top, I thought it was a place for restoring people found in the snow, until I heard the driver call out, '*Du, hole Schnapps.*'"

"Wasn't that a wild whirl down the other side?" he continued, delightedly. "But you should have come into the custom-house with me when I went to declare my cigars. You see, it wouldn't do for me, who might one day get a coast-guard appointment, to try on any smuggling. But I did remonstrate. I said I had already paid at Paris and at Basel; and that it was hard to have to pay three import dues on my cigars. Well, they were very civil. They said they couldn't help it. 'Why not buy your cigars in the country where you smoke them?' asked an old gentleman in spectacles. 'Because, monsieur,' I answered him, with the usual cheek of the English, 'I prefer to smoke cigars made of tobacco.' But he was quite polite. After charging me eighteen francs, he bowed me out, and said 'A rivederla'; to which I responded 'Oh no, thank you'; and then I found you and your sisters all laughing at me, as if I had been before a police magistrate to be admonished."

"You don't forget all the disagreeable details, then?" said Nan, with a smile.

But the smile vanished from her face when he began to talk about Bellagio. He did so without any covert intention. It was always a joy to him to think or talk about the time that he and the three sisters spent together far away there in the South. And it was only about the *Serenata* and the procession of illuminated boats that he was thinking at this moment.

"I suppose they will sooner or later have all our ships and steamers lit with the electric light, and everything will be ghastly white and ghastly black. But do you remember how soft and beautiful the masses of yellow stars were when the boats came along the lake in the darkness? It was indeed a lovely night. And I think we had the best of it—sitting there in the garden. I know I for one didn't miss the music a bit. And then it was still more lovely when the moon rose; and you could see the water, and the mountains on the other side, and even the houses by the shore. I remember there was a bush somewhere near us that scented all the air."

Madge had been regarding her sister closely.

"It must have been a magical night," she said, quickly, "for Nan's face has got quite white just thinking of it."

He started. A quick glance at the girl beside him showed him that she was indeed pale, her eyes cast down, her hand trembling. Instantly he said, in a confused hurry:

"You see, Miss Anne, there was some delay about the concert. One steamer did really come back to Bellagio. We had our serenade all the same—that is to say, any who were awake. You see, they did not intend to swindle you."

"Oh no! oh no!" said Nan; and then, conscious that Madge was still regarding her, she added, with a desperate effort at composure:

"We heard some pretty music on the water at Venice. Edith picked up some of the airs. She will play them to you after dinner."

That same night, as usual, Madge came into Nan's room, just before going off.

"Nan," she said, looking straight at her, "what was it upset you about Frank's reminding you of Bellagio?"

"Bellagio?" repeated Nan, with an effort to appear unconscious, but with her eyes turned away.

"Yes; you know very well."

"I know that I was thinking of something quite different from anything that Captain King was saying," Nan said at length. "And—and it is of no consequence to you, Madge, believe me."

Madge regarded her suspiciously for a second, and then said, with an air of triumph,

"At all events, he isn't going to Ireland."

"Oh, indeed!" Nan answered, gently. "Well, I'm glad; I suppose you prefer his not going?"

"It nearly came to a quarrel, I know," said Madge, frankly. "I thought it just a bit too cool. At all events, he ought to pretend to care a little for me."

"Oh, Madge! how can you say such things? Care for you—and he has asked you to be his wife! Could he care for you more than that?"

"He has never even thanked me for not going to the Kenyons' ball," said Madge, who appeared to imagine that Nan was responsible for everything Captain King did or did not do.

"Surely he would take it for granted you would not go?" remonstrated the elder sister.

"But he takes everything for granted. And he scarcely ever thinks it worth while to speak to me. And I know it will be a regular bore when we go to Kingscourt, with the old people still there, and me not mistress at all; and what am I to do?"

She poured out this string of wild complaints rapidly and angrily.

"Good-night, Madge," said Nan; "I am rather tired to-night."

"Good-night. But I can tell you, if he hadn't given up Ireland, there would have been a row!"

It was altogether a strange condition of affairs, and next day it was apparently made worse. There had been a stiffish gale blowing all night from the south; and in the morning, though the sky was cloudless, there was a heavy sea running, so that from the windows they saw white masses of foam springing into the air, hurled back by the sea-wall at the end of Medina Terrace. When Captain King came along, Mr. Tom at once proposed they should all of them take a stroll as far as the Terrace; for now the tide was full up, and the foam was springing into the blue sky to a most unusual height. And, indeed, when they arrived they found a pretty big crowd collected; a good many of whom had obviously been caught unawares by the shifting and swirling masses of spray. It was a curious sight. First the great wave came rolling on with but little beyond an ominous hissing noise; then there was a heavy shock that made the earth tremble, and at the same moment a roar as of thunder; then into the clear sky rose a huge wall of gray, illuminated by the sunlight, and showing clearly and blackly the big stones and smaller shingle that had been caught and whirled up in the seething mass. Occasionally a plank of drift timber was similarly whirled up—some thirty or forty feet—disappearing altogether again as it fell crashing into the roar of the retreating wave. It was a spectacle, moreover, that changed every few seconds, as the heavy volumes of the sea hit the breakwater at different angles. The air was thick with the salt spray, and hot with the sunlight—even on this March morning.

Then it became time for Mr. Tom and Captain Frank to go and witness a challenge game of rackets that had been much talked of; and the girls walked back with them as far as Brunswick Terrace, Madge being with Frank King.

"Why is it one never sees Mr. Jacomb now?" he asked of his companion.

"I saw him only the other day," she said, evasively.

"But he does not come to the house, does he?"

"N-no," said Madge.

"Has he left Brighton?"

"Oh no," answered Madge, and she drew his attention to a brig that was making up Channel under very scant sail indeed.

"I dare say he has a good deal of work to do," said Frank King, absently. "When are they going to be married?"

Madge saw that the revelation could be put off no longer.

"Oh, but they are not going to be married. Nan isn't going to be married at all."

He stared at her, as if he had scarcely heard her aright; and then he said, slowly:

"Nan isn't going to be married? Why have you never told me before?"

"Oh, it is a private family matter," said Madge, petulantly: "it is not to be talked about. Besides, how could I know it would interest you?"

He remained perfectly silent and thoughtful. They walked along. Madge began to think she had been too ungracious.

"I suppose she tried to bring herself to it, for a time," she said, more gently. "She has wonderful ideas, Nan has; and I suppose she thought she could do a deal of good as a clergyman's wife. For my part, I don't see what she could do more than she does at present. It's just what she's fit for. Poor people don't resent her going into their houses as they would if it was you or I. She manages it somehow. That's how she gets to know all about out-of-the-way sort of things: she's practical; and people think it strange that a young lady like her should know the ways and habits of common people; and that's why she interests them when she talks. There's nothing wonderful in it. Anybody can find out what the profit is on selling oranges, if you like to go and talk to a hideous old wretch who is smelling of gin. But I don't say anything against Nan. It's her way. It's what she was intended for by Providence, I do believe. But she was sold that time she wanted to get up a little committee to send a constant supply of books and magazines to the light-houses—circulating, you know. She wrote to Sir George about it, and found the Admiralty did that already."

There was a strange, hopeless, tired look on this man's face. He did not seem to hear her. He appeared to know nothing of what was going on around him.

When they reached the door of the house he said,

"Good-by!"

"Good-by?" she repeated, inquiringly. "I thought we were all going to see the Exhibition of Paintings this afternoon?"

"I think I must go up to London for a few days," he said, with some hesitation. "There—is some business—"

She said no more, but turned and went in-doors without a word. He bade good-by to Edith and to Nan—not looking into Nan's face at all. Then he left with the brother; and Mr. Tom was silent; for his friend King seemed much disturbed about something, and he did not wish to worry him.

As for Madge, she chose to work herself into a pretty passion, though she said nothing. That she should have been boasting of her triumph in inducing, or forcing, him to give up that visit to Ireland only to find him going off to London without warning or explanation was altogether insufferable. She was gloomy and morose all the afternoon; would not go to see the pictures; refused to come in and speak to certain callers; and at dinner made a little show of sarcasm that did not hurt anybody very much.

The evening brought her a letter. Thus it ran:

"Dear Madge,—I thought you looked angry when you went in-doors this morning. Don't quarrel about such a trifle as my going to London. I shall be back in two or three days; and hope to bring with me the big photograph of Kingscourt, if they have got any copies printed yet. "Your Frank."

"From whom is your letter, Madge?" Lady Beresford said, incidentally.

"From Frank, mamma," said the young lady, as she quietly and determinedly walked across the room and—thrust it into the fire!

That same night Miss Madge also wrote a note; but the odd thing was that the writing of both note and address was in a disguised hand. And when, some little time thereafter, the others were in the billiard-room, it was Madge herself who slipped out from the house and went and dropped that missive into the nearest pillar letter-box.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSIC ON THE PIER.

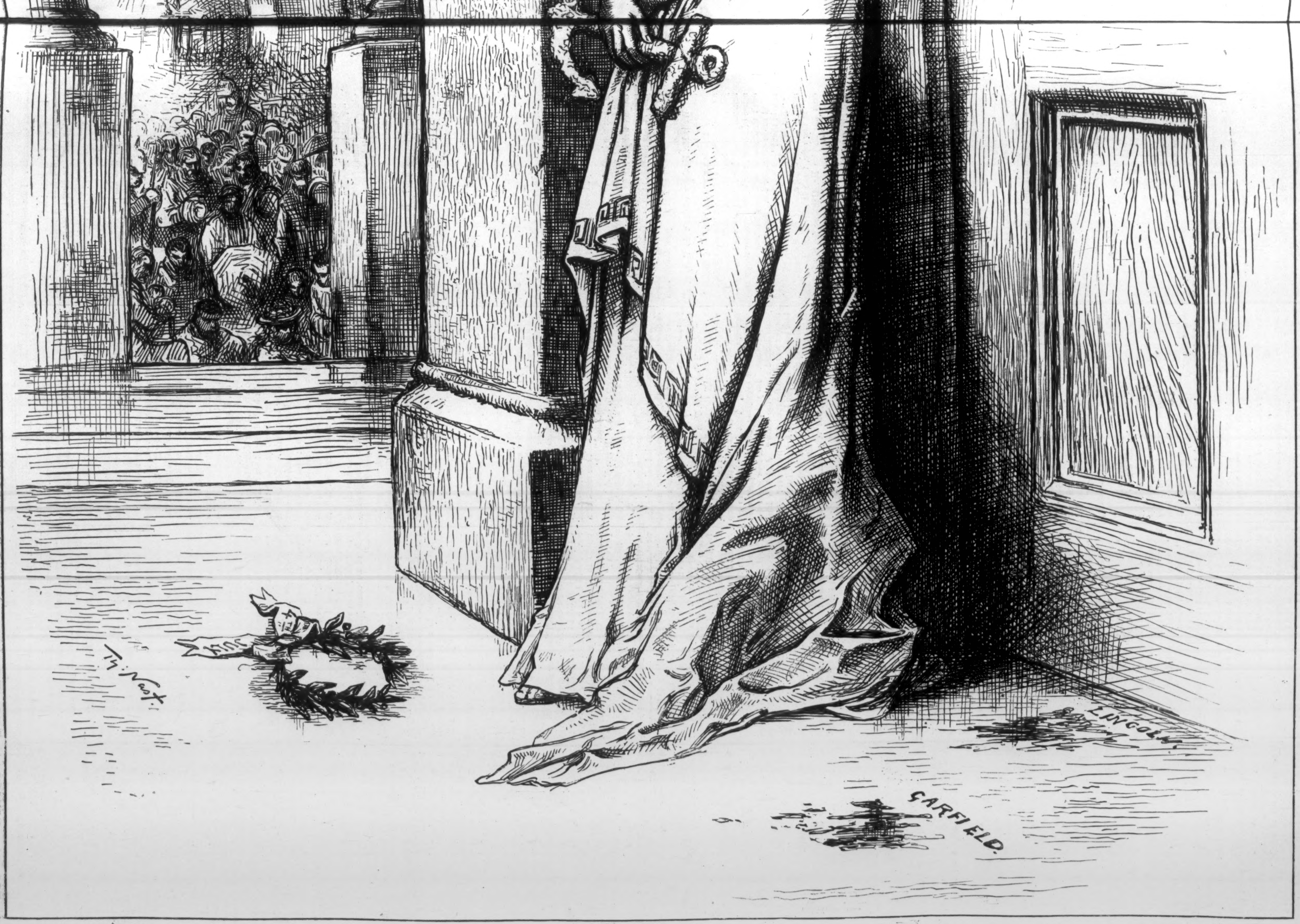
Music on the pier, through the sunny day:
List the pleasant strain
Rise, and fall again!
How it blends itself with laughter gay,
With the pattering of happy feet,
And the chiming of the ocean's beat,
And the children's play!

Music on the pier, when the night is fair,
And the summer moon
Makes a fairer noon,
And a softer stillness fills the air,
While some serenade or nocturne sweet
Times the loitering of lovers' feet
To a measure rare.

And so life goes to loving and to song
On the pleasant pier.
No one hath a fear,
No one hath a thought of harm or wrong,
Though beneath their feet are tossing waves,
And the room for twice ten thousand graves.
Life above is strong.

Some One keeps the children at their play—
On the open pier
They have not a fear—
Keeps the mothers and the maidens gay.
Some One says, "Rejoice! be glad and free!
There are Watching Ones continually
By night and day."

Music in our hearts—life is sweet and safe;
Music through the light,
Music in the night—
What if the sea of sorrow round us chafe?
Some One whispers us, "Be of good cheer:
There are loving Watchers, do not fear—
Trusting lives are safe."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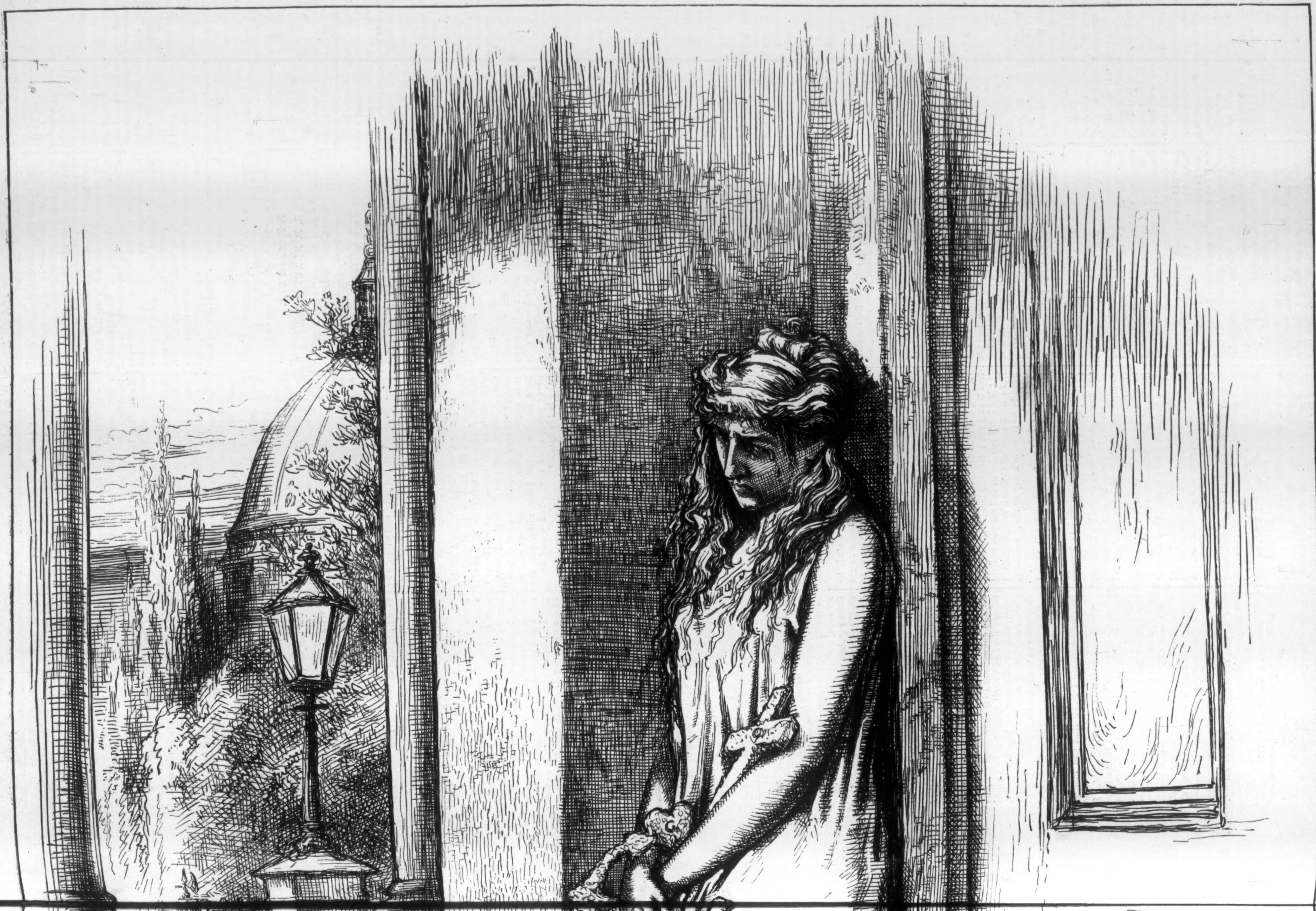


COLLEGE RACING AND ROWING.

The half-dozen plucky under-graduates from Cornell University who have been rowing boat-races in England lately deserve the unqualified admiration of their fellow-countrymen for the courage and persistence with which they have borne themselves. Whether they deserve praise for having undertaken the task in which they are engaged is another question. So far, they have not had brilliant success. They were worried by doubt of being admitted to the principal race for which they left home; and their first failure is attributed to an unlucky choice of position, and the second and even more mortifying one to a mistake in steering. But up to the present it looks very much as if they had failed because they were inferior to their competitors in the essentials of skill, endurance, and strength. This certainly is not their fault; but the unpleasant results which have followed are the penalty they pay for an error in judgment as to their capacity—an error in which a tinge of the national vanity is clearly perceptible. And even if the Cornell boys should win some signal victories in the contests which await them—as, for their sake, we heartily wish they may—their expedition is still open to criticism by those who desire that rowing at our colleges may be made the healthy and beneficial sport which it is capable of becoming. For it must be acknowledged that sending a crew to England to contend with the best oarsmen of their class in the world was a venture which should have been made only with every precaution possible to insure success. Failure was sure, beforehand, to bring discouragement and reaction, and might bring ridicule. In this instance the crew lacked experience, and was not one that could be confidently counted on even in a race with the best home competitors. It was no such crew as gave Cornell the celebrated victory of 1875 at Saratoga; and that it was not was due to the fact that rowing at Cornell has since that date been followed with less zeal, and far less judgment, patience, and pluck. The aspiration for a match with the English university crews must, under the circumstances, be set down rather to an unwise eagerness for fame than to the intelligent confidence of young men with trained capacity and cool judgment.

And it is precisely this itching for publicity, not to say notoriety, which forms a serious obstacle to the sane and proper cultivation of the noble sport of rowing at our colleges. That well-chosen and well-managed races are a legitimate and even necessary feature in the development of the sport may be conceded, but this feature has its limitations, which are fairly indicated by the proposition that races should be regarded as a means to the successful maintenance of systematic rowing, and that rowing should not be treated as having its sole and complete *raison d'être* in races. Races may very well be instituted to give students a definite objective to aim at, to stimulate interest, and to create those simple prizes that are necessary to sustained discipline in a purely voluntary work. But when these contests, like the intercollegiate races at Saratoga, or the current races in England, are allowed to excite ambition out of all proportion to probable achievements, they tend to foster a foolish, feverish, extravagant sentiment among college students, and do more harm than good.

The race between Harvard and Yale, which took place at nearly the same time as the Henley contest, was a very different affair, and, in its way, a model. It affords evidence that these two colleges did quite wisely in withdrawing from the intercollegiate contests, though their withdrawal practically broke them up, for a well-contested trial of strength and skill between crews picked from two large bodies of students, enjoying about the same advantages of practice, may fairly be said to give enough and not too much of racing. It does all that a race ought to be expected or allowed to do, and it does not bring with it the evils which follow more pretentious, less well-managed affairs. It can not be too strongly urged on those who have authority or influence in this matter that rowing by college students is quite as capable of being made a nuisance and an injury as it is of being made a very desirable sport. Apart from the dangers of overtraining, which are less than they used to be, and are now readily avoided, there is always the risk that the beautiful and excellent sport will degenerate into a mere gratification of a senseless vanity, that the under-graduate will take the professional oarsman for his model, and the companions and backers of the professional for his associates. This risk is generally a temporary one, from which the great body of students readily enough escape; but it is none the less a real one, to which they ought not to be exposed. Rowing as a healthful exercise, which gives freedom and vigor to the body, confidence and presence of mind, and the capacity for quick and accurate judgment, which brings a young man into the open air and in close contact with nature, and lays the foundations of physical soundness and content in mature life—rowing as such an exercise is a capital thing, and should be encouraged. So much racing as is necessary to fan the flame of interest in the sport is quite legitimate. But rowing as the chief aim of college life, engrossing the strength of body and mind, is a very different thing, and the indiscriminate and ill-regulated racing which tends to the pursuit of rowing in this way is an almost unqualified evil, which all who have the interest of our college boys at heart will do their best to discourage.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

ON THE DEFIANCE.

The street is of a good width in that part, and the coach having stopped some little way back, as well as on the other side, and having luggage on the roof, the hind passengers could not be discerned very clearly from the window of the paper shop. And the man with his hand to his chin appeared to be sleepy, and scornful perhaps of the town, so that he did not turn round and stare about.

"You will see him better presently, when they come by; but you had better not seem to notice him," Mrs. Petherick continued, as she hung a scarf across, to baffle any eyes that might invade her. "I would not let him see me, not for £50; to know, I mean, that I was watching him. Sometimes I have lace to repair for ladies, worth £200 or more, let alone ten or twelve drawerfuls of my own."

"But surely, my dear madam, you never mean to say that a man would be riding about on a coach, in broad daylight, who would break in and steal your lace!"

"Not lace in particular, sir, but anything. Nothing comes amiss to him, and he can break in anywhere. And as for his riding on the coach, there is no one, in the town or out of it, who would know him in the manner he is dressed up now; or if they did, they would not dare. He is quite the gentleman when he chooses, and he got some very good clothes, no doubt, when he plundered that stupid Parson Short."

"What Parson Short?" asked the parson of that name. "There are several in the diocese, I believe."

"The rich Parson Short, sir, of Christowell. I am told it was a most amusing thing. He was lured from home, like a simple Simon; and when he come back he found his cook tied up, and all his dinner eaten, and the other maid locked in, with no other food than his sermons for the day. And I hear that she found them uncommon tough and dry. No wonder, poor girl, for he is the very driest man that ever went up the pulpit stairs. Our people did laugh when they heard the joke. And they say that he boiled the parson's spinach, for he is a bit of an epicure, you must know, and was going to have it with a breast of lamb; but the other man enjoyed it, and then fastened up the dish over the face of the poor fat cook. But the other man had his disappointment too, for the gentleman's leg garments would not come below his knee. Short by name he is, and short by nature."

He was almost short in language too; and his clear and clean face flushed with wrath at this stinging description of his woes.

"This must be a most outrageous town for gossip," he said, looking sternly at the streets thereof, "and full of wicked falsehoods, and very low ones."

"No, sir, not more than anywhere else," Mrs. Petherick answered, pleasantly; "but we do love a pretty tale about a clergyman; and every word of what I have been telling you is true. But here they are off, with a flourish of the whip. Now, if you will look between that paper and the tambour-work, you will have a good view of the gentleman that did it. Shall I tell you what he has been to Falmouth for?"

"I know that some parts of your story are wrong, and I doubt whether you know anything about it." He spoke a little rudely, to provoke her tongue, while he watched for that felonious passenger.

"No, sir, you are quite right. I don't know an atom about him. I don't know the figure, how he holds himself, whatever clothes he may put on, nor the individdle way of making lines inside his clothes that the men get by reason of no stiffness. And perhaps I don't know why he went to Falmouth, to get the best price for a celebrated watch, such as they can work a ship by. I did hear that it was worth £200. But I don't know, I am sure; I don't know anything."

"It is the man!" cried Mr. Short, as the coach passed slowly, with laborious wind of horn. "I can't tell how I know it, but I am sure that he is the man. What makes him come through the town like this, when he might have got down four or five miles back? And how far will he go with the coach? Mrs. Petherick, you seem to me to know everything."

"No, sir, no. I make no pretenses. But, to my humble thinking, he has come through the town because it was the safest thing for him to do. His pockets are full of money; and a robber is always most frightened of being robbed. There is a gang of louters, Sourton way, who would cry shares with him if they spied him in his clericals. And as for the danger of the town, there is none. We have a man who calls himself a constable, but he never stirs without a warrant; and we have a very nice old gentleman indeed, just made a Justice of the Peace, but all he can do is to fight the battle of Waterloo or Salamander again. And as for the Mayor, he won't do nothing ever since we were robbed of our old borough. The whole of the difference between right and wrong was upset when they took away both members."

"What can a lobster do without his claws? But how far will this clerical gentleman go, after riding in triumph through Okehampton?"

"As far as Crosscombe, sir, most likely, and then take the lane to Sticklepath or Belstone. That will bring him back to the wild parts of the moor, by an easier way than Sourton. And he shifts about pretty often, I believe; though he is more at home than welcome, as we say, whatever part he lives in. But, good heart alive, you are never going after him! You would be a baby in his hands."

"Babies are troublesome creatures sometimes," exclaimed Mr. Short, being vexed once more; "but I am not going after him with any idea of laying hands on him, among a lot of cowards, when he has fire-arms and I have none. I beg you to make no stir about it, for that would defeat my object. Do not even see me when I get my horse out. I am Mr. Short, of Christowell, whose dryness in the pulpit is proverbial here, though quite satisfactory to his own parish. It is not true that yonder fellow ate my dinner; but still I have a bone to pick with him, and my chance will be spoiled if you talk about it. I thank you for your very shrewd hit about my watch. The cleverest woman in the town should be so far superior to her sex that she can hold her tongue when a great pinch is put on it."

"The only difficulty that I find is, to express myself, not to contain myself, sir. When poor Petherick was paying of them freemen, average of £15 per vote, and the other side was trying every low inducement—"

"Another time, if you please, I shall be delighted. I want the old Defiance to get well in front, and I don't want to seem to be riding in chase. It is a long hill toward Crosscombe, and stirrups will easily beat traces. Now if you say nothing about this affair, I will not even tell my old friend Colonel Westcombe to fight his battles over again with me."

"You have read me a lesson, to be shy of the clergy, sir. They always looks as if they was so gracious; and then they drop on you, like the core of a box-oven. But you had better not take your lace, sir."

"No, I will pay for it, and ask you to send it to kind care of Colonel Westcombe. I hope to be there in a day or two. Good-by, ma'am."

"Good-by, sir. I need not tell you, I think, to take care of yourself; you are sure to do that. It would take a sharp man to eat his dinner"—she continued to herself, as she beheld him crossing the street without any sign of hurry, to get his horse out of the stable. "Short he may be; and no wonder he was short with me, after what I said of him; but the short men are the best to wrestle, after all. Why, there he goes, horse and all! The Lord deliver him!"

Mr. Short, however, required no especial deliverance on this occasion. At a mile or so over East Ockment Bridge he sighted the Defiance on the crown of a hill, and his keen eyes showed him that the interesting passenger was sitting in the same place on the roof. Then he followed very cautiously, and kept behind the corners until the coach stopped, where a narrow lane departed on the right-hand side toward Belstone and the moor. Here he saw the tall man get down and pay his fare, and swing a little knapsack on his shoulder, containing, perhaps, some good things from Falmouth. Then the villain looked about to be sure that no one watched him, and presently set off along the narrow lane, with the top of his hat showing over the dry wall. Short rode into a gateway of the turnpike-road, and considered that hat, as it jogged along the loop-holes of the granite slabs.

"I could cut him off easily enough," he thought, "and call him to account, but he would settle me. He is sure to have at least one tremendous pistol, and I have nothing but this hunting-crop. It would have been foolish to attack on the coach, for nobody would have helped me, and there were two women there. It would be still more foolish to attack him now, without even a witness to my murder. After all, that is not my hat. It is much too respectable to belong to me. He bought it at Falmouth with my money. Perhaps I am a coward; but why should a good man be killed for nothing? What would Mrs. Aggett say? And who would carry on all my works? Nay, I will be discreet, and only observe him beyond bullet-range. If I accosted him as a neutral, it would be nothing to the purpose, as I know him, and he then would know me, which is not to be desired."

With these reflections he restrained himself, as a truly wise man is bound to do; and calmly postponing the settlement of accounts, resolved to help it one line forward by observing the route of the enemy. Therefore, as soon as he came to a gate, where the rocky expanse of the desert began, he fastened up his horse, and going warily afoot, had the pleasure of descrying a dark figure in the distance, and following it far along the desolate windings of Belstone Cleeve, toward the source of the East Ockment. Here a three-knuckled hill, with water-clefts and yellow knolls of rushes and swamp-reeds, barred the view, and the distant form disappeared among them, after turning to the right.

"He has made for Cranmere. It is about a league further. None but the moormen could find him there. It is hard enough to find the place itself, much more such an atom as a man among it. Well, well, I have done something, and as much as I could hope to do. Trumpeter must be quite tired of waiting. Suppose we go quietly home to dinner, with gratitude, and a fine appetite."

CHAPTER XXV.

FOR MY SON'S SAKE.

People of so bald a nature as to find but little joy in all the things around them take at any rate some delight in their own superior thickness. With pleasure they look down upon the fads, the crotchets, and the hobbies of the few who still have soft enjoyment outside money, and away from show. Yet these latter smile at laughter, and the smile outlives the louder operation, even as the sun survives the storm.

Every just man has his periods for incurring the opinions of the wiseacres, when his name turns up, through a lawsuit, or an accident, or perhaps some great wrong done to him. And his true course is to exclude all care, not only as to what those wiseacres say, but whether they even draw their fleeting breath about him. And after short disquietude, and a little counsel with himself, Mr. Arthur resolved to follow this true course. His friend Mr. Short would have done the very same, in his own case, if possible. But he, as a clergyman, must not suffer fools to undermine his influence.

Fearing to have brought upon her father not only unpleasant recollection, but sad perplexities imminent, Rose Arthur was delighted to find him as cheerful as usual on the following day. He listened with interest and amusement to the thousand and one things she had to tell about her first great party, and he said that he hoped it would not be very long before she had another little change to make her lively.

"No, papa, no; I want no more for a very, very long time indeed," she answered; "and I was so vexed at what happened last night, because—because I know that you dislike to be disturbed so."

"It was no disturbance, my dear child. I am glad, upon the whole, that it has happened so. Colonel Westcombe was most kind to you, and I wish that I could thank him better. But I do not in the least expect that he will ever come again."

He said this with a smile, which seemed to Rose a very sad one. And she was grieved, more than she liked to show, at such a conclusion to her sudden friendship, though she would not ask why it must be so.

"There are reasons, which I can not explain to you, my dear," Mr. Arthur continued, as he understood her glance, "which prevent me from having any intercourse with the man, whom of all in this part of the world, and I may even say in the whole of the world, I respect, and admire, and like the best. If circumstances should entirely change, or even, without that, if I should be taken with dangerous illness, it would become my duty to explain everything to you;

or, if I should be taken from you suddenly, all the particulars will be found in writing, as I have told you once or twice. Now for the work of the day, my darling. Busy hands make happy faces. The storm of last night has done good upon the whole, and the air is beautifully soft to-day. But there must be a lot to do in the little vineyard, and I think I must call upon you to help. The wind is the worst foe the vine has in this country, though the May frosts are worse than wind in the east of England. In any part of Southern England, where those bitter May frosts do not prevail, it is my firm belief that, with proper care and skill, and experience as to the right sort to grow, a much finer table grape can be got out-of-doors than you can buy in Germany or the northern half of France, and for this simple reason, that—"

"Come, dear father, you like to deliver that lecture after supper. And you will be angry with yourself, and me too, if we stop to have it now—for it always lasts an hour—when we ought to be hard at work in Naboth's vineyard. It is the first time you have ever had the manners to invite me to do a bit of work there—you are so jealous! I quite understand it. There are plants of mine that you dare not touch in your most audacious moment. However, I will go and get my 'tuck-ups,' as you call them, and overtake you in two seconds. But what am I to sit upon—the ground?"

"Never mind about that. There are flower-pots there, that your stupid Pugsley brought, only fit to sit upon, and some of them kick up, even so. There never was a pot of sense till I invented mine, and had them made. And even after that, the clay was so inferior, and they were kilned in such a doltish manner—"

The rest of this lamentation passed out of hearing as the puffs of the Captain's pipe flitted through the bright air, while he was marching away among his pear-trees, and glancing at the increase of their hopes. The fresh remembrance of the rain was on them, sparkling still from some cupped leaf, and the new shoots of summer were embrowning slowly their thick sappy green into the dignity of rind. In sturdy little sheaves were the young pears standing, with the setting of their eyes pricked up like cloves, and the bronzing of the sun and air shed round their sides already. Others, of the long curved stalk and pensive habit, hung their heads, with paler tints for the most part, and more gray upon their oval drops.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TEETH OF ANIMALS.

TORTOISES and turtles are toothless; the jaws of the latter, however, are covered with a horny sheathing, adapted for cutting and grinding. Toads have no teeth, and are also unprovided with the horny sheathing of the turtles. Frogs have teeth in the upper, but not in the lower jaw. The whole class of birds is destitute of teeth, although some fossil species were provided with them. A few mammals are edentulous, as the ant-eaters of Brazil, and the curious Australian echidna; they are probably the last surviving representatives of a once flourishing family of toothless quadrupeds, gradually crowded out by better-equipped races. The armadillo has ninety-eight teeth; the cachelot whale has sixty, mostly confined to the lower jaw. The porpoise has from eighty to ninety teeth, while the dolphin enjoys the distinction of possessing the maximum number of teeth in the class mammalia, his jaws containing from one hundred to one hundred and ninety teeth. In striking contrast with the elaborate equipment of the dolphin is the dental system of the narwhal, which errs, if it err at all, on the side of simplicity. The female narwhal possesses the germs of two teeth, imbedded in the substance of the upper jaw; one of these is developed in the male into a formidable tusk from six to ten feet in length.

The teeth present every variety of size, from the tiny teeth of the perch, which are so minute and closely arranged as to have been compared to plush or the pile of velvet, to the huge tusks of the elephant. In the African elephant the tusks are often nine feet in length, and a pair of these will weigh upward of three hundred pounds; but such dimensions are rare in the Indian species. The tusks of the mammoth seem to have exceeded in size even these formidable weapons, specimens having been found measuring no less than eleven feet. In Ceylon very few of the elephants possess tusks at all, the few that are provided with them being males exclusively. Nearly all, however, have stunted teeth called tushes, ten or twelve inches in length, and one or two in diameter.

The modifications which may be observed in the shape of the teeth are almost endless, being as various as the habits and requirements of the different species.

Thus the whole series of the teeth of the tiger is modified to form the destructive apparatus which he wields with such terrific force. The incisors, six in number, are short and pincer-shaped, to aid in gnawing and tearing the flesh from the bones. The canines, long, strong, and conical, and with a curve inward, are used for seizing and holding the struggling prey. In each jaw there is a space between the incisors and canines, into which the canines of the opposite jaw fit, their effective strength being thereby greatly increased, as they are thus permitted to overlap the gums when the mouth is closed. The molars, or grinding teeth, instead of being flat or grooved, as in herbivorous animals, are compressed and trenchant, and play vertically on each other like a pair of scissors, so as to cut and coarsely divide the flesh, which is swallowed with very little mastication. The whole skull of the tiger is so formed as to set this terrific machinery in motion in the most efficient manner, and the muscles which work it are of immense power. In springing on their prey they always aim at the large blood-vessels of the neck, and in this way they are enabled to overpower animals which otherwise might be able to offer a good resistance. Strong as are the teeth of the tiger, they are often injured by the violence to which they are subjected, and in his old age he is generally compelled to seek for prey less able to resist him.

It is generally this cause which induces the lion or tiger to prowl about the abodes of man. In India the man-eater is almost invariably an old one whose teeth have been much knocked about.

The lion and tiger disdain all but living victims; the sneaking and cowardly hyena feeds mainly on the bones and coarser parts of the animals which have been killed by the nobler beasts of prey. His jaws, which are extremely powerful, so much so that he can bite off the leg of a large dog at a single snap, have a lateral motion, as well as the vertical action to which the tiger is restricted, and the teeth, though of the same carnivorous type, are adapted for a different purpose. The canines are smaller, and the molars, which are of great size, and surrounded at their base by a thick ridge, which protects the gums from being injured by splinters and angular fragments, are capable of breaking the hardest bones into shivers.

THE TRAGEDY AT WASHINGTON.

IN the Special Edition of HARPER'S WEEKLY published on Friday, July 8, will be found the complete story of the awful crime which startled the whole country, and turned our national holiday into a day of anxious suspense and mourning. In addition to the illustrations contained in that edition, we give on our front page a portrait of the brave and good President whose calm and courageous bearing in the very face of death has awakened the admiration of all men; and on page 492 a scene at Washington, showing an encampment of troops in the White House Park, and also a scene sketched by our artist at Richmond, Virginia, at the moment when the news of the attempt on the President's life was first posted on the bulletin-board of a newspaper office. "This fearful crime," he writes, "occasions the profoundest regret here." As our readers will see by reference to our Special Edition, the expressions of regret and horror over the detestable deed were nowhere more emphatic than in the South.

OPIUM IN BURMAH.

AMONG the Burmese, it is officially stated, the habitual use of opium saps the physical and mental energies, destroys the nerves, emaciates the body, predisposes to disease, induces indolent and filthy habits of life, destroys self-respect, is one of the most fertile sources of misery, destitution, and crime, fills the jails with men of relaxed frame, predisposed to dysentery and cholera, prevents the due extension of cultivation and the development of the land revenue, checks the natural growth of the population, and enfeebles the constitution of succeeding generations. The respectable part of the population is very strong in its denunciation of the evils of using opium, and would be delighted to see the English government take more extreme measures than those now proposed. They look on the use of opium as a distinct contravention of their religion. They are taught to think that so mischievous an indulgence is sinful, and the sin of using opium is one from which they have not to wean themselves, but one which is unknown to them, and is a novelty in their country. There can be no doubt that if British Burmah ruled itself, it would altogether prohibit the use of opium, and it is the English government that refuses them the local option which they would quickly exercise if they were permitted. Nor, in their eyes, does this legalization of a sin stand alone. It is a part of a new order of things, before which the old order is crumbling away. In countless ways the population is feeling the shock of Western ideas, and the influences of ancient custom, tradition, and religion are fading away. If Burmese of the old school can not stop the tide of innovation, they can mourn over it, and make their wailings heard. To them it means the end of all they know, trust in, and believe in. When men in whose minds a peculiar system of ideas and belief has been ingrained are looking on at a general decay and collapse of all that they are accustomed to and venerate, the legalization by conquerors of what they hold to be a sin seems especially awful and monstrous. They see in it the handwriting on the wall which plainly foretells their doom. In the case of opium they have the advantage of being able to point to consequences the gravity of which is conspicuous, whether using opium is treated as a sin or not. They can ask the supreme government whether it can endure that the population of which it has charge shall wither away under its eyes. Very naturally, they make the most of such evil consequences of using opium as they can point to; and they can point to many as to which those to whom they appeal have no doubt. But the natives of the old school and the government, although they are working toward the same end in restraining the use of opium, are working on very different lines. The natives wish to arrest that invasion of Western ideas which brings with it the legalization of what to them are sins. The government merely wishes to save those who are not fit to take opium from taking it. It is scarcely possible to suppose that the invasion of Western ideas will be at all checked by the action of the government, and it may even be said that the persistence of the government in offering the natives opium under conditions that will lessen the evils of its abuse is itself a fresh step toward that dissolution of the ancient fabric of Eastern society which, when completed, will be one of the most momentous changes that mankind has ever witnessed.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THERE are conditions under which elaborate preparations to encounter peril should not be regarded as evidence of timidity, but as indicating an adequate conception of probabilities. A case in point is that of the Dakota herder, who sold a portion of his stock for twenty-five thousand dollars in cash. His ranch was several miles from the nearest bank, and it was night-fall when he was paid. Knowing that the fact of his having received a large amount of money had come to the ears of some of his undesirable neighbors, he decided to wait till morning before going to the bank, and to keep his repeating rifle near him. In the course of the night he had six visits, and each of the visiting parties retired empty-handed. In the morning he found that six of his neighbors had been rather seriously hit by bullets. His money was safely lodged in the bank vault.

The Duke of Athol will have an adventure, such as it is, to relate when he returns to England. The other night while he was in a sleeping-car of an Omaha train that was standing near a small station, a freight train came in collision with the car, and the duke, among other startled sleepers, jumped out. But he was behind the others in returning to his berth, and the train moved away, leaving his Grace standing on the inhospitable prairie in his night clothes. The telegraph came to his aid, and his garments were sent back to him on the next returning train.

A new game at sea-side resorts is that of wagering gloves and bonbons on one's ability to distinguish between watering-place belles and their maids when they are in the surf together. It is said that the favorite does not always prove to be the one who has the advantage socially when on dry land.

Alliterative head lines are a feature of the garnishing of news in many country papers. "Dover Dots" and "Salem Scribblings" are mild examples of the lines under which items from a vicinity are grouped. A Kansas paper has "Oberlin Oozings."

Dromedaries are not less useful in parts of this country than where their exceeding usefulness suggested styling them ships of the desert. Five car-loads of these ungainly and amiable creatures were recently sent from Texas to Arizona to be used in transporting the United States mail.

When one town in Texas wishes to compliment another, the local newspaper is instructed to perform the pleasant duty in this way: "Waco is the Athens of McLennan County."

With the exception of the intelligence emanating from such observers as claim to have been seeing two comets—one to the west of the polar star on going to bed, and one of similar appearance at about the same distance to the east of that star on arising—the most startling information about the comet is that furnished by a Kentucky astronomer, who claims to have been gazing upon it ever since last September. "I feel that I know more about this comet," he writes, "than other astronomers, for I have nursed it, as it were, from its first appearance until the present, and I know my comet by sight, just as a father would know his children by seeing them." The misguided astronomers who hastened to put in their claim of priority of discovery will have to make another search through their note-books, or abandon all hope of getting the Warner prize of two hundred dollars.

Considerable precaution is necessary to insure the safety of the treasure in the railroad pay-cars in the far West. The advent of the pay-master is described by a writer in Deming, Texas. He says that a pilot locomotive goes ahead to provide for the discovery of any break in the track. Then follow another locomotive, the pay-car, and a sleeping-coach, in which are some twenty guards with arms and ammunition. Much care is exercised to keep the time when the train is to arrive a secret, in order that the cow-boys may not be prepared to make any concentrated movement upon it.

It is doubtful whether any other act of President Garfield's reveals his admirable qualities so clearly as they are revealed in the dispatch which he dictated to his secretary to be sent to Mrs. Garfield at Long Branch, as her first intelligence of what had befallen him. Pierced by the assassin's bullet, and uncertain whether he had even an hour of life before him, his message, through his secretary, was: "The President desires me to say to you for him that he has been seriously hurt—how seriously he can not yet say. He is himself, and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you." It is such a message as a loving husband, strong and clear-headed, might arrange in his thoughts while contemplating the possibility of accident to himself, and the necessity of breaking the news to an enfeebled wife whose condition had called for the exercise of all his tenderness and care.

The national holiday of 1881 will be remembered as one of the saddest Independence-days in the history of the republic. It was not a day of rejoicing, but of suspense. The most cheerful sentiment that could be uttered was that of Dr. Chadbourne, at Williams College, the stricken President's *alma mater*, on the day preceding, "We have met here to-day in sorrow, though happily not in mourning."

Civilization in Australia has been more retarded by rabbits than it ever was in America by hostile Indians and ferocious beasts. The Mallee district, in Victoria, is overrun with these little creatures, and they have been the subject of extended discussion in the Victoria Legislature. In the course of the debate it was said that farmers more determined than the others settled in that district with the purpose of driving out the pests, but after a hot fight were themselves compelled to retire. The question was raised whether it would not be more profitable to raise rabbits than sheep, since some men made from six shillings to fifteen shillings a day by the sale of rabbit-skins, and sheep were not likely to interfere with the rabbit business, whereas rabbits were an almost insurmountable obstacle to sheep-growing. The long debate was ended by a witty member, who applied to the Chamber the sentiment of a Scotch poet, who, being asked to say grace at a table where rabbits were the chief of the diet, complied in these words:

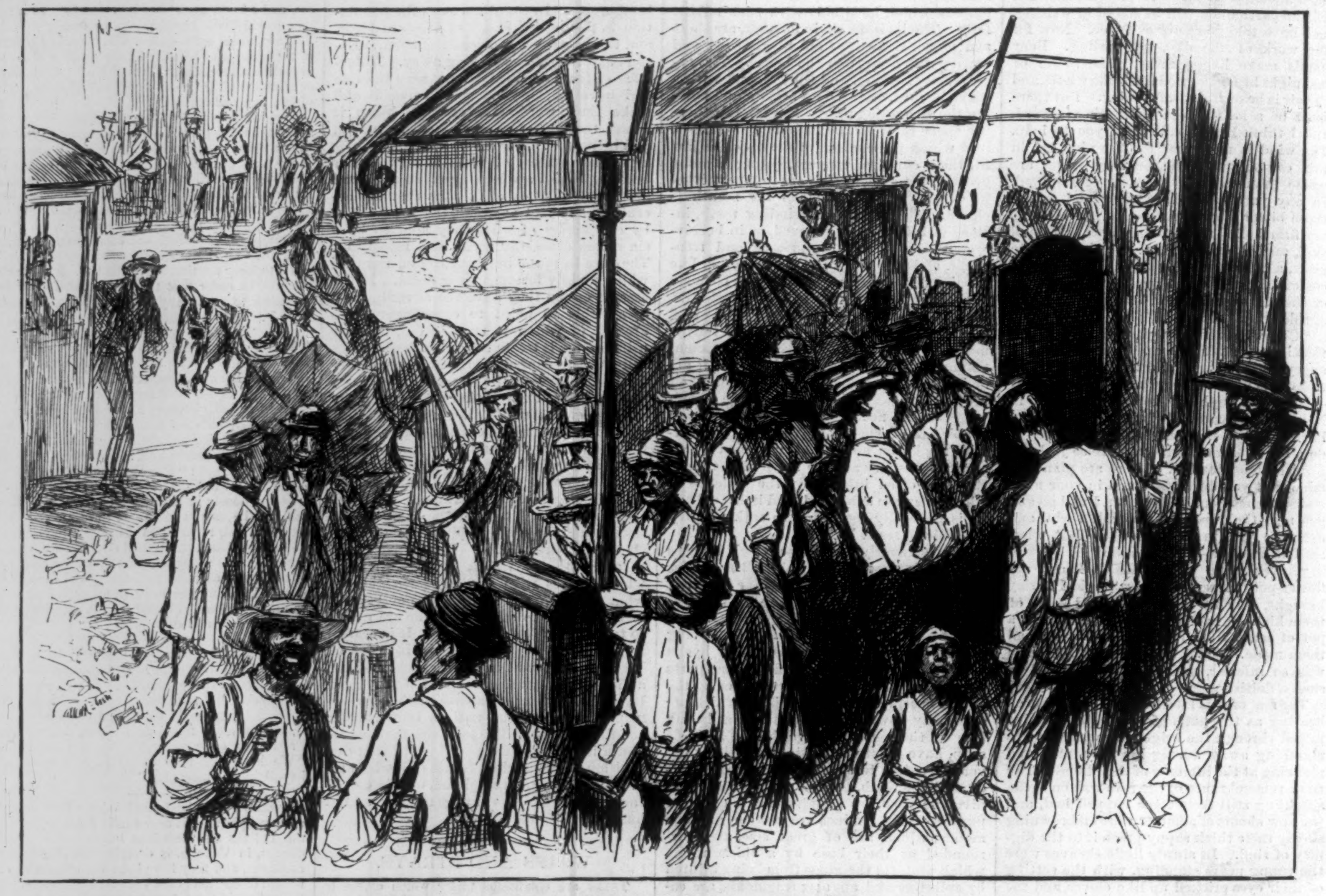
> "Rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
> Rabbits young and rabbits old,
> Rabbits tender and rabbits tough—
> Thank the Lord we've had rabbits enough."

Burglars recently broke into the Dubuque (Iowa) Home for the Friendless. If they keep on, they will soon find themselves in the poor-house.

A small boy in Decatur, Illinois, is in for a season of solid enjoyment. He went to the circus, and a tiger, reaching between the bars of his cage, scratched him on the nose. Whenever the small boy deigns to appear among his playfellows, he is the centre of an admiring and envious group.

A distemper similar to that which threatened to become seriously prevalent among the race-horses at the meeting of the Coney Island Jockey Club has been asserting itself in the English racing stables. A writer says, "The hardy American Iroquois appears quite unaffected by the coughing and breaking down of the horses around, and that despite an amount of hard work that not one horse in a thousand could have stood."

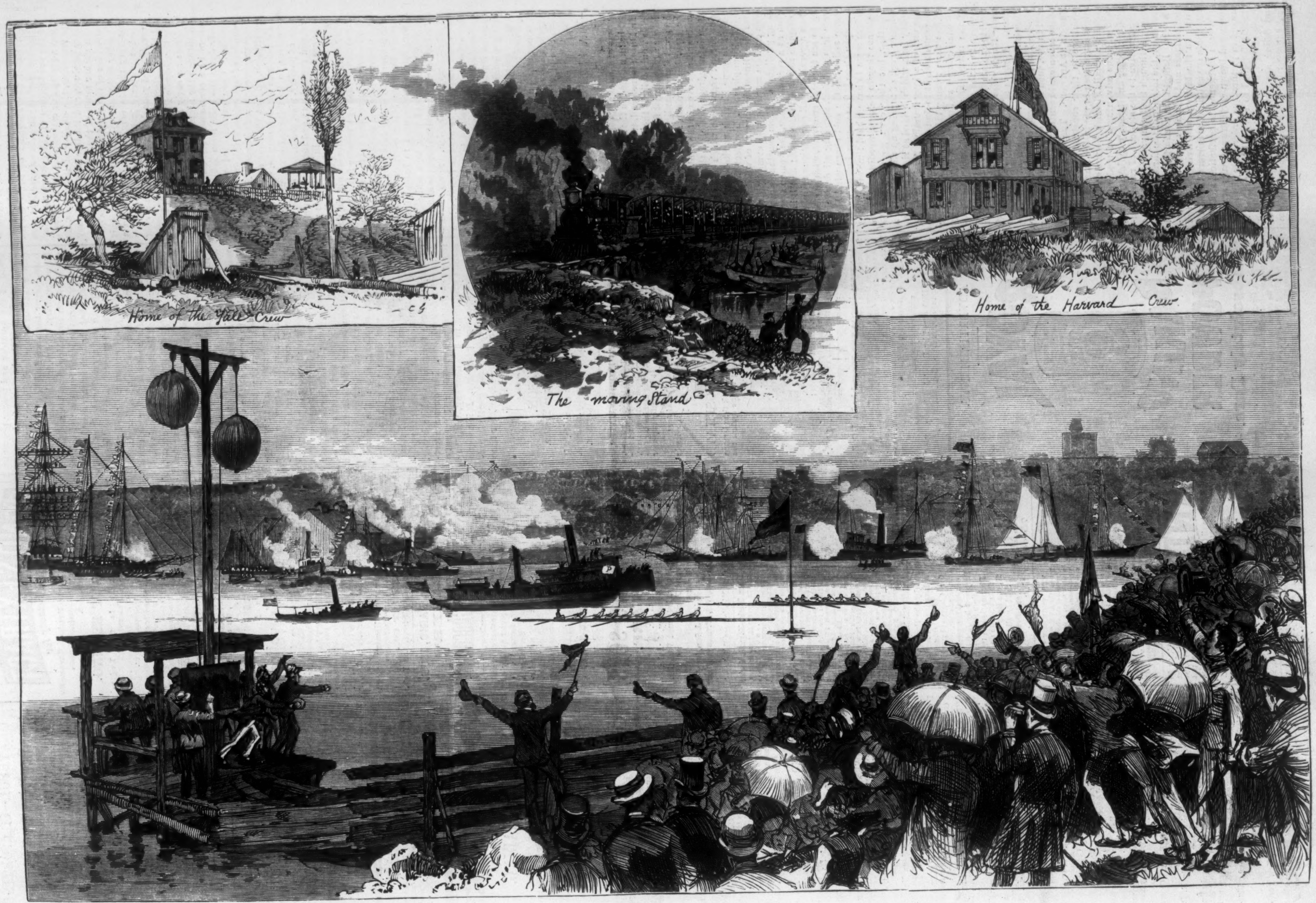
A young man went from Dublin to London, let his hair grow very long, wore strangely made garments, carried lilies in his hands, and, when hooted by urchins in the street, calmly remarked, "I am glad to afford amusement to the lower classes." He gave afternoon tea-parties in his apartments, where the light was rose-colored, and subdued almost to darkness, and where the guests stumbled over furniture for want of natural or artificial light. He talked in a "high-flown" fashion, and his sayings began to be quoted. A caricaturist took him up, and the young man appeared as Maudle in *Punch*. A playwright gave him a place in *Where's the Cat*. All who saw the character in the play exclaimed, "Oscar Wilde!" This young man, according to a writer in London, is the son of Lady Wilde, who apostrophizes Erin in verse, and signs herself "Speranza." The father of this famous young personage was a physician in Dublin, and was knighted for his conspicuous attainments. Oscar Wilde, according to this writer, enjoys undisputedly the distinction of being the leader in the æsthetic world, and few persons in London society are better known than he. He worshipped the much-admired Mrs. Langtry, adored Bernhardt, and is now at the feet of Modjeska.



AROUND A BULLETIN BOARD, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.

ENCAMPMENT OF SOLDIERS ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

THE TRAGEDY AT WASHINGTON.—[See Page 491.]


Home of the Yale Crew
C G
The moving Stand
Home of the Harvard Crew

THE YALE AND HARVARD BOAT-RACE, NEW LONDON.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 490.]

MARKET-DAY IN NORMANDY.

In Normandy you find almost in its pristine vigor that ancient institution the district fair, and market-day wakes into a perfect Babel the sleepiest of little towns. From the market you gain an excellent idea of the productions of the canton, and may form a pretty fair estimate of the extent of its resources, the quality of its cereals, its dairy produce, and its live stock, and may even gather much of the character and peculiarities of the people, whose customs often differ materially even from those of their not very remote neighbors. But to see a market properly it is necessary to arrive overnight at your destination, and, waiving all idea of sleep, to secure a room overlooking the Grande Place.

From an early hour in the evening, and all through the night, arrive the buyers and sellers in a continuous stream, so that by early dawn the little town is filled to overflowing. Open carts, tilted wagons, long vehicles of mysterious build, drawn by huge Norman horses, deposit merchandise of every description, and at the first streak of daylight business opens, it may be, with the sale of calves, to be followed consecutively by that of poultry, pigs, grain, hay, cattle, butter, and vegetables; and these various markets are held not merely in the Halles and in the two or three principal squares, but in every street and alley, while later in the day the aspect is that of a regular fair. Booths of all kinds in increasing numbers spring up like mushrooms, a red umbrella of Brobdingnag proportions doing duty for a tent; and serious business being over, one sees the places lately consecrated to bales of merchandise overspread with toys and *chiffons* of all sorts, even to smart bonnets and caps of latest provincial fashion. Some productions will naturally be always found, while the absence or presence of others will be determined by the prevailing culture of the district, fruit and vegetables, for instance, being splendid in some places, whilst in others they scarcely approach mediocrity. Pears are often immense, and so are cabbages, while it is not at all uncommon to see *radis gris*, which the peasantry eat so largely, weighing from two to three pounds each.

A FLEMISH HOMESTEAD.

If the Flemish farm-yard is not as clean as that of almost any other country, and can not be mentioned in the same breath as that of a Dutch homestead, to make up for it the fields would delight the eye of the most fastidious agriculturist from abroad. Over all the great slopes hardly a weed is to be seen; the ground is as clean as the dry sand of a sea-beach, and even in the cabbage gardens there is wondrous little of that offensive odor of rank vegetation which often makes a visit to some English market-gardens so decidedly unpleasant. To effect this scrupulous cleanliness the amount of weeding that goes on from morning until evening is something prodigious. From constant stooping, even at a very early age, the women seem to get quite rounded in the back; and it is far from agreeable to all our notions of humanity to see the poor creatures, with perfectly bare legs and feet, standing all day in the damp soil, with the cold sharp wind blowing upon them. The women, indeed, everywhere seem to have a hard time of it. Not only are they to be seen weeding for hours together, but they even go through the rougher work of turning up the soil with a heavy fork, which is fixed at right angles to the end of a long handle. Again, it is no uncommon sight to find a good-looking girl of less than twenty taking care of a litter of small plump swine; these are generally of the refractory and obstinate order, and so love to make sharp turns from the high-road to explore the deep ditches, or to scratch their tough sides against the bark of the trees. Apropos of the working gear of the Flemish peasant, it is of the most primitive kind. The great broad-bladed scythes are still in use, such as one sees in the etchings of the seventeenth century in the old Maison Rankin at Antwerp. The farm carts are so primitive in their construction that they might have been in use in the Dark Ages.

Still, a small Flemish homestead, if devoid of some advantages of modern progress, is neither unattractive to the artist nor uninstructive to the student of rural economy. Although the farm-yard is not in the best order, the interior of the farm-house always is. Beneath the comfortable thatched roof tidiness and trimness everywhere prevail. In the kitchen and living-room the brass pots are as bright as mirrors, the stove is always blackened to perfection, and the green and brown earthenware pans are arranged in picturesque order. On the little crucifix fastened to the wall there is not a speck of dust, and the photographs of Jehan and Seline are neatly framed and glazed. The square rush-bottomed chairs, too, are devoid of the least speck of dirt or grease, and, in the vulgate of the vulgar, you could eat your dinner off the floor.

But here I have been writing of the homestead of the humbler and poorer peasants. The great farm of the burgomaster is a very different affair altogether. There is a mighty barn, larger than we find in our great and happy country. There, too, is heard the whir of the steam threshing-machine, and in the farm-yard are the black funnels and boilers which tell that the rich farmer lives both in the nineteenth century and up to it as well. Yet even the mighty ones among the Mechis preserve to a great extent their old primitive manners and customs. Although the good housewife has sent both her girls to a grand *pension* at Brussels, and intends that they shall marry some smart *avocat* or doctor, and sit to receive in a beautifully decorated saloon with three windows and any number of gilt clocks, she herself lives, and always will live, as a simple peasantess. She still wears the long black cloak and the cap such as her mother wore before her. She does not, either, disdain to appear at the village *kermesse*, and to look upon the scene of jollity and cake-eating with appreciating and approving eyes. Her daughters may be justly annoyed at the heavy silk dress and ear-rings which she loves to wear in preference to the *chef-d'œuvre* to be purchased on the Montagne de la Cour; but she heeds not their murmured complaints, and thinks only of procuring them better *dots* than have had any other girls in the district.

Sometimes, strolling down the rough-stoned roads, you come up with a great farm-yard gate, on which you may perhaps rest awhile to look at the peaceful scene within. From niches in the walls the pigeons thrust forth their little white heads, and flutter down below. The oxen are resting while Jehan unharnesses, and Suzanne stands grinning in the doorway, with her great green pan under her arm. It is a scene of quiet, peaceful comfort and gentle happiness, which, it is to be hoped, neither time nor progress will do much to alter.

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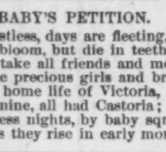

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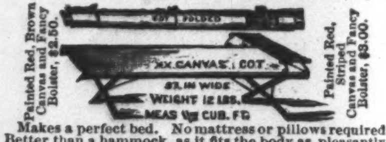
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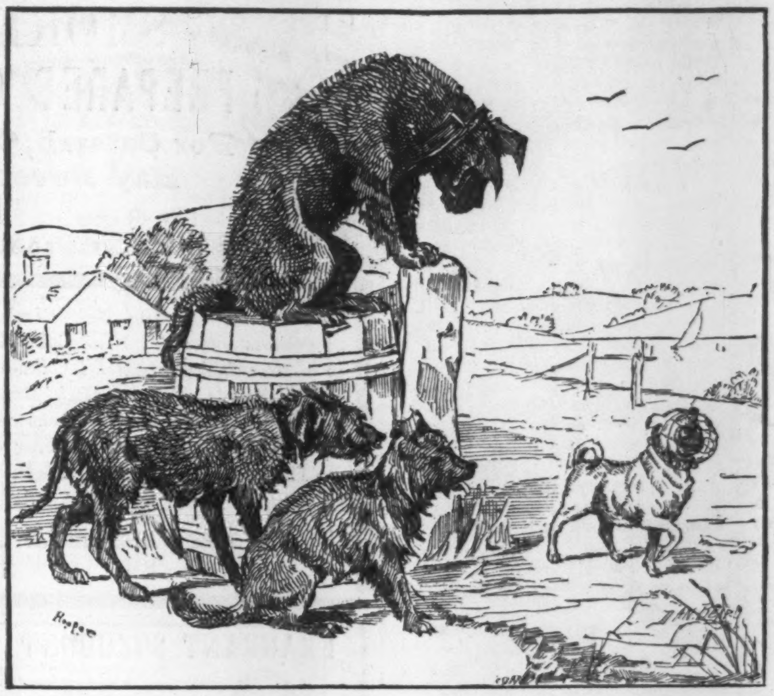

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